

# THE GREAT RIVER



# THE YANGTZEKIANG

AN HISTORICAL AND GEOGRAPHICAL STUDY

KINCHU

CHANG

SECHUAN

HUBEI

YUNNAN

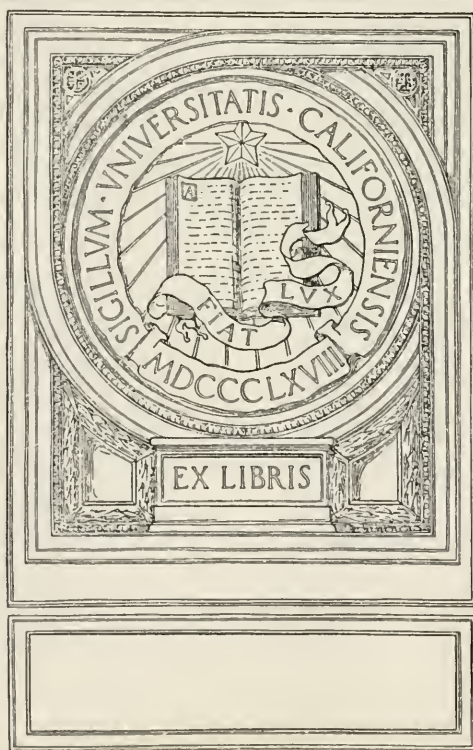
KWEICHOW

GUANGDONG





GIFT OF  
HORACE W. CARPENTIER





THE GREAT RIVER



*Frontispiece*

The Gorges in Sombre Mood

# THE GREAT RIVER

THE STORY OF A VOYAGE  
ON THE YANGTZE KIANG

BY

GRETCHEN MAE FITKIN

Y 1

*With an introduction by Arthur de Carle Sowerby, F.R.G.S.*

*Illustrated with Photographs by Donald Mennie*

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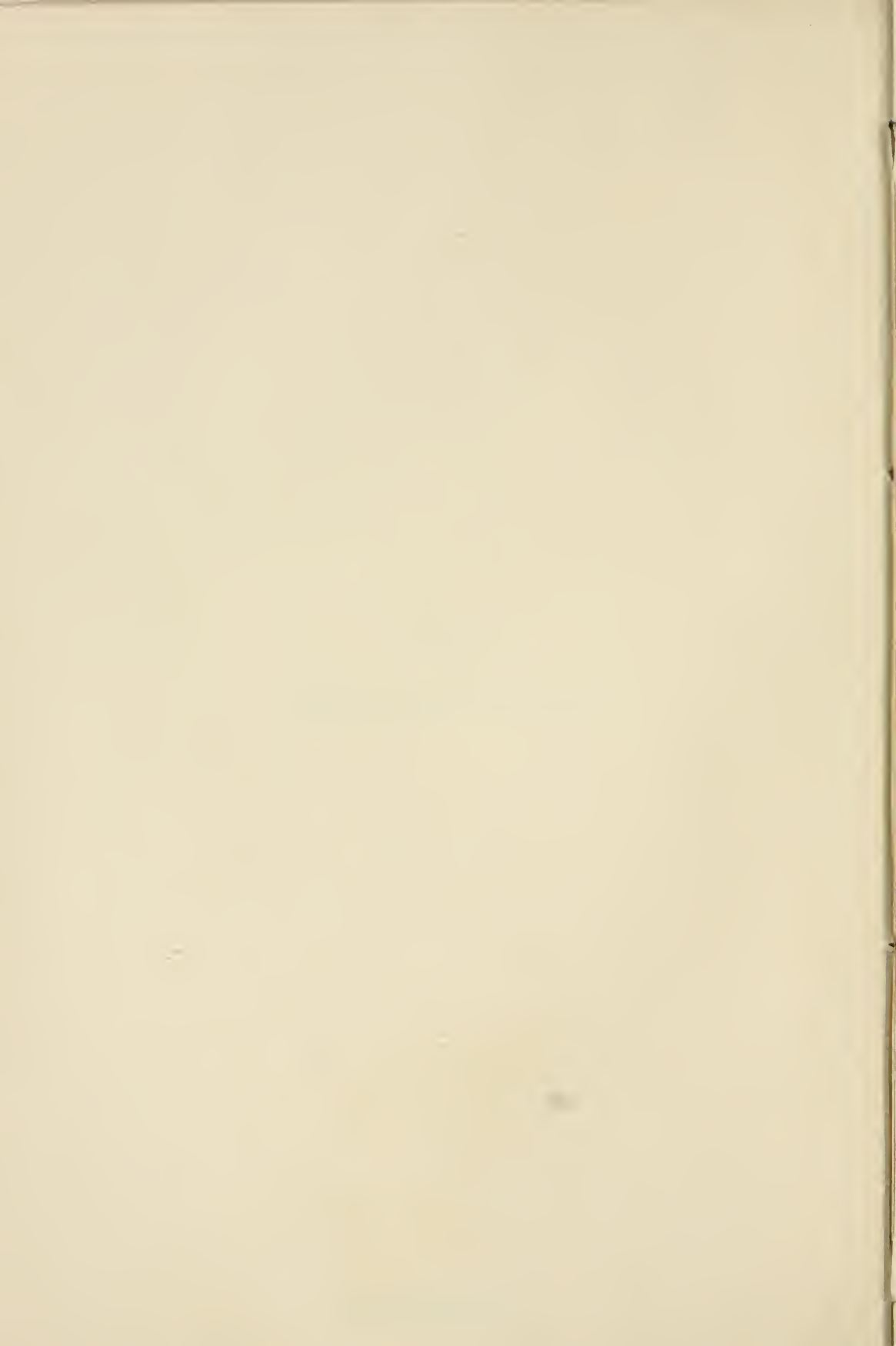
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TO VIRU  
AIRBORNE

TO

O. M. GREEN AND R. W. DAVIS

M209846





## INTRODUCTION

IN the winter time the Yangtze is a comparatively narrow stream between high banks. In the summer it is miles wide, in places overflowing until it is often impossible to see the limit of its reaching. It is the strangest, most inexplicable river in the world. A river captain who discovers a sand-bar on the up-trip and decides that it is Sunday Island shifting about a bit, returns to find it on the opposite side of the river and all his calculations gone for nought. The same captain anchors his boat in the stream bow-wards against a four-knot current and finds his anchor chains slack because a back-wash holds her static. Thousands of villages are inundated and washed away during flood-time and yet the richness of the Valley makes all losses worth while and the inhabitants come pouring back again as rapidly as the river drops.

The height of the river's mystery is found in the Gorges. One of the greatest naval engineers in the world sat in a junk and watched the current coming down at four knots and the backwash along the bank flowing upwards at the rate of two knots per hour. He shook his head and, "There's nae such river," he said. Other captains after taking ships through the Gorges a few times and watching huge Szechuan junks turning round and round helplessly in the giant whirlpools and again and again seeing their own ships barely miss the rocks of destruction, have decided to seek less strenuous channels of navigation !

There is impressiveness and romance about this wonderful river. The source of it lies in areas marked "uncharted" on the map. A new theory of a late explorer has it that the source is far distant from the spot where it was originally supposed to be and that, perhaps, the Yangtze might finally be found to be the longest river in the world. The great Chengtu plain in Szechuan holds unfathomable and practically untouched wealth. The wealth of priceless articles of trade is there—Oriental silks and tapestries ;

minerals of every kind, unexploited ; harvest of crops that grow abundantly in the fertile soil ; the gifts of animals in hides and furs and bristles, and the rare and costly musk of the musk deer.

The traveller from Shanghai to Chungking who takes time to go southward through Poyang and Tungting Lakes gathers a series of unforgettable pictures of the ports along the river where foreign enterprise is yet new and in its pioneer days—Shanghai, at the gateway ; the forts of Kiangyin ; Chinkiang, where the Yangtze is crossed by the Grand Canal ; Nanking, where ten years ago the Republican guns on Purple Mountain were firing on the last stronghold loyal to the old *régime* ; Wuhu, whose new settlement indicates continuing development ; Anking, which still surrounds itself with old China's barriers of reserve, and permits no foreign tradesman to enter ; Kiukiang, older and disappointed ; Nanchang, below Poyang Lake, which is truly old China in all her superstitions and all her laborious hand methods of manufacture.

The Wu-Han cities form the next picture and it is one of bustling action. Wuchang, for many years the nest of political intrigue and the nest of it now ; Hankow, so beautiful and restful to the foreigner until the hot days of summer come when the mosquitoes themselves die from the heat ; Hanyang, a miniature Pittsburgh with its smoking stacks and busy river-harbour and noise and dirt. This big, triple mart of trade seems to handle every article of trade and thus to form a hub of China—paper mills and cotton mills, the remains of past enterprise in tea, and newer enterprise in all manner of things.

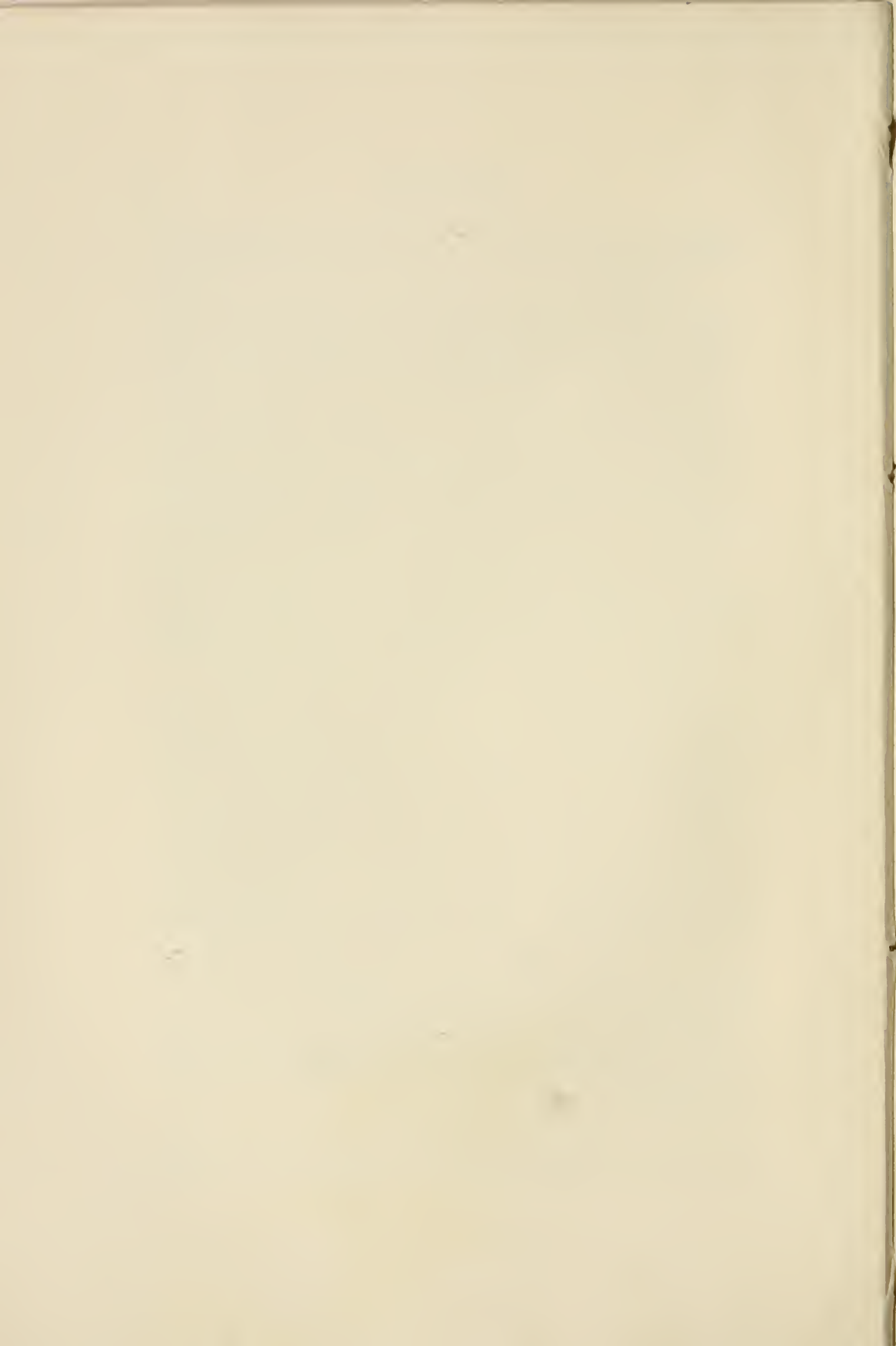
Then the traveller goes aboard another steamer, not so big but twice as friendly, deeper into the country. Around the bend at Yochow where, in the old days, the best bamboo used to grow, but which is now poverty-stricken from frequent raids of lawless bandits and thinks no more of ancient glory. Across huge Tungting Lake and by "the remarkable tree" which grows up out of the surrounding water in defiance of Nature. Then Changsha, which is a vast surprise in its beauty, its distinct character still

preserved by the haughty Hunanese, its history of scholars and stalwart braves.

The farther west one goes, the more the pull is westward. After passing the northern bend of the Yangtze, Shasi and its dykes, appearing submerged and wild, proclaims itself the very borderland. But then Ichang appears with its turmoiled harbour and busy shipping at the foot of the Gorges esteeming itself the borderland. Into the Gorges with the winds of the west in the traveller's face he feels that here at last is the true gateway; but on reaching Chungking, beyond that perilous passage, he finds that there is still more danger and romance and strangeness if he will go on across cloudy Szechuan to the borders of Tibet. And perhaps, then, your traveller will turn back in despair because he knows that beyond that border are narrow, impassable canyons and gorges where the waters of the Yangtze flow down from the incomparably high and great glaciers of the Tibetan ranges.

Many foreigners have lived along the Yangtze River for years. The oldest residents have the least to say about it and what they say is said with the greatest respect. They also have, in most cases, grave doubts of the capability of the newcomer to impart truths about it to the public. However, they do admit that there is something to be said on behalf of the fresh viewpoint and often add, lightly, that the longer a man remains in a port along the river, the greater imbecile he becomes. But it is with the greatest humbleness that I presume to inform the public of the greatness and wonder of China's biggest river and of the character of the cities along her banks, after one trip to Chungking and back. The only reason for which I can possibly presume to do so is because those fine people who live by the Great River have on every occasion and in all instances been most generous and hospitable, and wonderfully helpful.





## FOREWORD

IT is thoroughly in keeping with the spirit of the times that a young lady should come to China in a mood of adventure, and, having arrived in this country, should proceed to explore anew one of the greatest and oldest rivers of the world, subsequently presenting an appreciative public with a series of vivid pen pictures of the things she saw and the impressions she received while visiting the great towns and cities that lie along its bank.

It is the age of woman. Woman is coming into her own at a rate that alarms all but those who can read the signs of the times. She is storming every fortress and citadel that man in his arrogance has considered his own, and few indeed are the strongholds that she is not taking by force. The day has ended when a woman to accomplish anything in the world outside the normal sphere of her activities must be stamped with masculinity. But the last kingdom of man, probably the one which will be hardest for woman to capture and make her own, is the field of exploration, for here brawn and muscle and a power of physical endurance beyond that of the average woman is needed. Even so, there is evidence that some day woman will rise—or shall we say descend, since brute force and not spirit alone is the master key to this form of human activity—even to the level of the world's greatest explorers. Only a short while ago a beautiful young Englishwoman crossed the Sahara to the sacred headquarters of a tribe of fanatics, only once visited before by a white man, and came back with a wonderful story of adventure and maps of new routes across the desert. Then there is the story of another Englishwoman who entered Mongolia at a time when the Chinese Government refused to issue passports owing to the disturbed condition of the country, and wandered from place to place, living the life of a nomad, thoroughly happy and contented, as though to the manner born. But such women, it must be admitted, are rather the exception, even in these days.

It is not surprising, then, that Miss Gretchen Mae Fitkin should have come to China, alone, unafraid, not knowing a soul in the East; established herself upon the staff of the leading newspaper in the country; and—gone exploring! Nor is it surprising that, having done so, she should tell the world in her own way what she saw, what she thought, and what was told to her, as she journeyed up the Great River. Her journey was made during the late summer of 1921, and that fact alone commands our respect, for conditions were such all that year, and especially during the summer, as to render travelling upon the Yangtze Kiang neither safe nor comfortable. Merchantmen and men-of-war belonging to foreign Powers were constantly being fired upon by the lawless soldiery engaged in the campaign of North against West, and at times things were so bad that all shipping was held up for weeks. But these facts did not daunt our young American friend, and so we have a fresh account of the one of the greatest wonders of this land of wonders.

And high time it is that we had another good book upon the Yangtze, for nothing of note, except Captain Plant's little book on the Gorges, has appeared during the last twenty years. This may not seem of much moment in connexion with anything to do with the so-called unchanging East, but, as a matter of fact, things are changing very rapidly in China, especially where East and West meet in the Treaty Ports. The reader will be struck by this when comparing Miss Fitkin's writings with those of, say, Mrs. Bishop, whose book, "*The Yangtze Valley and Beyond*," was published in 1899. Captain Blakiston's "*Five Months on the Yangtze*," a much earlier work, published in 1862, of course emphasizes this still more, and even Mr. Geill's "*A Yankee on the Yangtze*," a comparatively recent production, tells the same story. Other works upon our subject are the late Dr. G. E. Morrison's "*An Australian in China*," 1895, and the much earlier book of A. J. Little, "*Through the Yangtze Gorges*," 1888. To these books and others dealing with the Yangtze the present volume comes as a supplement, bringing our knowledge up to date, and refreshing



our memories of what we have read of that wonderful river, which may be described as the life-artery of China.

Rising in the highlands of North-central Tibet, on the southern side of the great Kuen Lung Divide, where a system of bleak and snow-clad mountains gives birth also to the Yellow River, the Mekong, the Salween, and the Irrawaddy, the Yangtze Kiang, literally "The Son of the Ocean," flows eastward through the arid region of Eastern Tibet, gradually bending southward till, on the borders of Western Szechuan, it runs parallel with the Mekong and Salween, the three rivers cutting through the eastern extension of the great Himalayan *massif*, their valleys forming deep, narrow gorges, with high and steep dividing ridges. Captain F. Kingdon Ward has been devoting considerable time to the exploration, botanically and geographically, of this interesting section of country, and his results and deductions, which he draws from the distribution of the plant life here, are very significant. They may be found in his book "In Farthest Burma," and in papers in the Journal of the Royal Geographical Society. The deep channels that these rivers have hewn for themselves out of the living rock show that they are of considerable age. Speculation is rife as regards the age and origin of some of the great mountain systems through which they cut, but at least we may assume that the Yangtze antedates them, for it is evident that as the uplift of the strata in these parts took place, her waters cut through them, forming the deep ravines that now mark her course.

Still running parallel with the Mekong, in an almost southerly direction, the Great River, or Ta Kiang, the name usually applied to it by the Chinese, enters the province of Yunnan, whence, taking a zigzag course, it works eastward and then northward, forming for a hundred miles or so the boundary between Yunnan and Szechuan. Entering, at last, the latter it receives the waters of a number of large tributaries that drain that province. Here, with the help of the mountains through which it passes, it creates the most magnificent scenery, scenery that even surpasses that of the

famous Ichang Gorges, while it is navigable for native boats from at least 300 miles above Chungking to that city. Chungking marks the limit of navigability for large steamers, and so is one of the most important cities along the entire length of the Great River. From this point, the latter takes a general easterly direction, meandering through the provinces of Hupei, Kiangsi, Anhui and Kiangsu, till it pours its mighty volume of gathered waters at the rate of 770,000 cubic feet per second into the Yellow Sea, 3,000 miles from its source. It has descended from an altitude of from fifteen to twenty thousand feet, and, with its tributaries, has drained an area of 650,000 square miles. Little wonder, then, that its annual rise is from 70 to 90 feet, while it deposits 6,428,000,000 cubic feet of sediment every year upon the floor of the Yellow Sea.

Like the Yellow River, it rises annually, overflowing its banks, flooding vast stretches of country, and depositing richness in the form of silt over the land, but unlike its northern sister, it is China's joy rather than her sorrow. Its valley is fertile in the extreme, the good soil producing magnificent crops, and one may well call this wide basin the garden of China.

Many and prosperous are the cities along its banks, while it carries an enormous amount of traffic upon its heaving bosom. Its mighty volume of water forms one of the main trade arteries of the country, and by its means the vast resources of the West are tapped.

Politically the Yangtze is of great importance, and there are many, knowing China, who see in it the natural boundary between the North and the South, and who believe that a division of the country along this line would be the solution to the troubles which now wrack this unhappy land. Another solution suggests itself, however, and that is that the country should be divided up into three states, North, Middle and South, the Yangtze Basin forming the Middle State. This would conform more to the natural trend of things, for there is little doubt that the people, fauna and flora of the Yangtze Valley are separable, on the one hand, from those of North China, where the Tartar element and Tartarian affinities

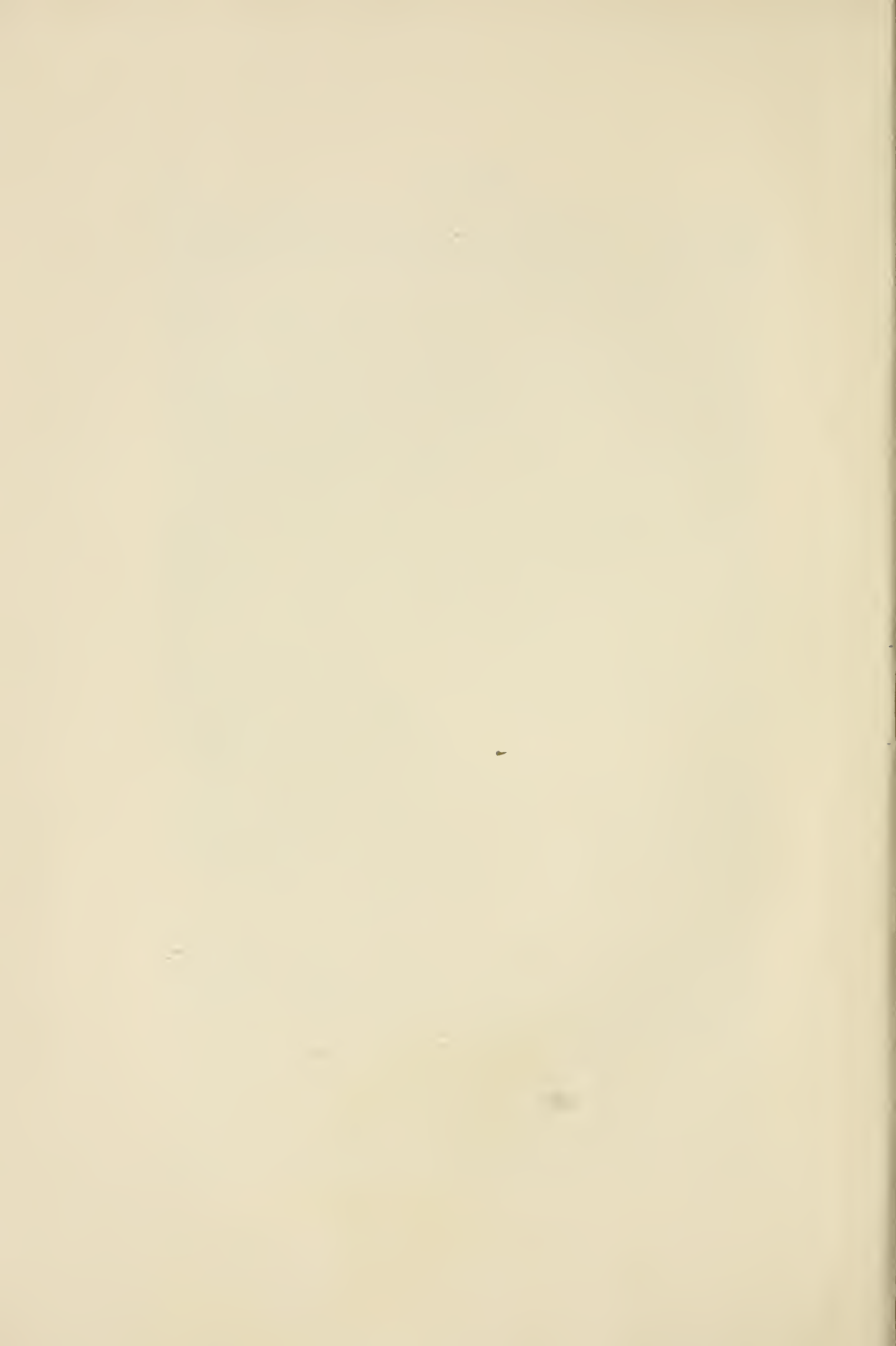
dominate, and, on the other, from those of South China, where a Malay infusion marks the human inhabitants, and the fauna and flora are Oriental in character.

The economic importance of the Yangtze Valley and the country beyond which this river taps is, of course, beyond compute, nor is it to be wondered at that the European nations, whose people have come to China to trade, have been desirous of exploiting this great field of commercial possibilities. The day is not far distant, always providing that peace in China intervenes, when railways will be built along the entire course of the Great River, and up the valleys of the tributaries, so as to tap the vast territories that have as yet been almost untouched, and when that day comes we shall see the cities described in these pages become ten times more prosperous, as the wealth of the hinterlands pours into them to be transhipped for exportation, and the produce of the outer world is deposited upon their wharves for distribution up country.

But things must be made safe for the trader, and one would like here to put forward a plea to the Chinese people, to their republican government, and their military governors, to combine to stamp out the curses of militarism and brigandage that go stalking, hand in hand, through the land, rendering commerce impossible, and life and property so insecure as to be hardly worth the holding. Politicians in Peking and Canton may find the game they are playing highly amusing and profitable, but they are making havoc of their country, wrecking its resources, and ruining its trade.

And with that we may close our remarks here, leaving the Authoress to tell her story of the Great River, the river that was ere ever the foot of primeval man trod the soil of this most ancient of lands, and will be when man and all his works are "one with yesterday's s'en thousand years."

ARTHUR DE CARLE SOWERBY





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# THE GREAT RIVER

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## CHAPTER I

### UP FROM THE SEA

LONG before the traveller sees China on the horizon as he nears the port of entrance to Shanghai, he sees her in solution in the yellow waters of the Great River where they merge with the Sea. So laden with the soil of China is the Yangtze that one wonders from what limitless source the land is replenished or into what bottomless pit the spoil of the river is being poured. Predictions regarding the future coast line and shape of the River's mouth are just as uncertain, for the Yangtze shifts and twists and forms new channels and deposits its alluvial burden hardly twice in the same place. Those who have believed that China is growing eastward have not hesitated to build on that belief and to place their fortunes in the farthestmost points. Indeed the Saddle Islands, which the incoming traveller will encounter, were once the object of an attempt to develop a summer resort for Shanghai, an attempt which might, it may be conceived, have succeeded, had not a typhoon upset all calculations. It was in regard to a small village on these islands that the original statement was made that "the chief industry of China is the manufacture of smells." But leaving the Yangtze for a time, it is necessary for the traveller to take the turning to the left and sail up the Huangpu toward Shanghai, that

great commercial port of China, the spokesman for traders with the interior.

He is not coming to a place of which he has heard little if at all. For though Shanghai stands as the result of less than 80 years of foreign endeavour, she has so impressed her personality upon the world that there is little left to be said about her except what has gone into the development of her character and by virtue of which she is significant.

How many centuries Shanghai existed perhaps as a seaport but certainly as a place of trade when China's door was closed to the outside world is unknown. French missionaries penetrated early and from them and certain Chinese accounts later translated a few facts are gleaned concerning the humble and simple life of the inhabitants before 1300 ; of the piratical coastal forays of the Japanese ; of walls built against ingress ; of the lighter, vainer life that came with increasing prosperity ; until gradually envy was developed in the minds of adventurers throughout the world. Then came the days of the tea clippers, of clandestine opium trade when daring and resourceful men of all nations rivalled one another in the romantic trade of Cathay.

The beginning of what has become legitimate entrance into China was in 1842. At that time, on account of China's attitude toward British trade, Sir William Parker brought a fleet to Woosung carrying Sir Henry Gough's force of 4,000 men. The course of his expedition and its accomplishments are matters to be gleaned from historical works. For the authoress's purpose it is sufficient to note that the day the treaty

between Great Britain and China was signed on board H.M.S. *Cornwallis* at Chinkiang and the subsequent opening of the ports of Shanghai, Ningpo, Foochow, Amoy and Swatow to commerce, was the beginning of the Shanghai of to-day.

The growth of this great port, which in the eyes of the world means China, has been meteoric. She is now known in every corner of the globe. She stands as a symbol of romance. She is still called by those who have listened greedily from afar to the tales of the opium and tea clipper trade, a "sink of iniquity." She is the doorkeeper of tradition and destiny. But truly she is merely the representation of the achievement of average and human men whose greatness was not individual greatness but the greatness of an ideal. This City Republic, progressive, efficient, well supplied with hospitals, roads and schools, has been made by people who thought that they were merely doing their day's work and who were able to blend their nationalistic aspirations to a common viewpoint.

Shanghai has been, since its very beginning, a place of refuge in times of trouble. During the Taiping rebellion, refugees caused the population of the Chinese of the City to swell from 20,000 to 500,000 and it is recorded that in August, 1862, there were 10,000 refugees living in the old race course. She has later been the safety of political refugees and the haven in the days of the Empire of those who believed in constitutional government. It seems to have been the pressing need of meeting new and strange contingencies such as these which has given rise to the extraordinarily efficient yet simple Government of to-day.



And indeed, the constitutionalists of China, who have the husk rather than the kernel of the idea of a Republic, could do no better than to look on Shanghai as a model, for here all the advantages of a Republic of Nations have arisen through mutual dependability, and a Government devoid of red tape has been produced by men who have had the advantage of familiarity at first hand with the troubles they were remedying. A few phases of Municipal Government show particularly well the progress made in these 80 short years. The Municipal Electricity Department, for instance, is one of the biggest and most successful in the world. The Health Department has so improved the sanitary condition of the city that the best medical authorities are now able to say without challenge that, considering the risks in all parts of the world, the mortality ratio is no higher in Shanghai than elsewhere. Dangers at home have become commonplace through familiarity, but they are no less real. A foreigner who neglects the necessary precautions may die of small-pox in Shanghai, but he is quite as apt to hear that his brother at home has been killed in an accident on the elevated railway. That much maligned department, the Public Works, has had an almost impossible task in producing from a Chinese city of narrow streets and tumbled, crowded buildings, something that would keep pace with the increasingly numerous motoring public, and that constant increase is one of the indications of their success.

In short, while 30 years ago saw Shanghai a city without tramways, railway facilities, or manufactories, it to-day possesses practically all the complements of

any city at home and is now agitating, not for the conveniences of metropolitan life, but for the cultural assets of libraries, art galleries and museums.

Many social organizations are in existence, chief among them the American Woman's Club and, more lately established, the British Women's Association, whose activities are becoming more and more far-reaching and influential. The Race Club, the oldest sporting Club in Shanghai, gives a half-million dollars every year to charities and conducts its racing on as high a plane as any Club in the world.

The Huangpu Conservancy Board, who have worked for years on harbour problems, last year conducted a Commission headed by Major-General William M. Black, the outcome of which was the putting into effect of practical plans toward making Shanghai one of the few great ports of the world. And this in spite of the fact that in 1875 Sir Robert (then Mr.) Hart, the Inspector-General of Customs, penned a memorandum saying that "in 20 years, Chinkiang will have taken the place of Shanghai as a semi-terminus and transhipment port" and that "in 10 or 20 years the competition of Chinese steamers will have swept the foreign flags from the coasting trade, and displayed the Chinese colours in London and Liverpool docks."

Nor has Shanghai developed as a commercial centre only. It is fast becoming the literary centre of China as well, for it is in Shanghai that the development of modern Chinese in journalism and essay writing has taken place. And thus it is that in this city the currents which affect the written language are started.

Not only this, but Shanghai is also the radiating centre of public opinion toward which all eyes are turned. It captures the imagination by its possibilities of the future while Peking holds the romance of the past.

Industrially, its growth has been phenomenal. Cotton mills, silk filatures, egg-drying concerns, tobacco and cement factories have gone up almost over-night. The trade of the city and its important commercial position has made it a financial centre. In 1915 there was more silver in the vaults of the Shanghai banks than in any other city of the world.

And how is this remarkable city republic governed? By a Council of nine men, representative of the various nationals of the city according to a fixed ratio of population, not one of whom receives a penny of salary for his services and who once a year render to their fellow-citizens an account of what they have accomplished as one year's Council gives place to the next. Shanghai may well be proud of possessing high standards of honesty and efficiency in Government.

It is necessary for it to be so, for Shanghai's success is taken to mean the success of foreign endeavour in the whole Yangtze Valley. Her difficulties are not remote; they are at hand and demanding to be handled as each transhipment of cargo occurs.

Elaborate machinery must always grow up at a terminus. Shanghai has taken her place at the gateway handling outward and inward troubles, always dependent and relying upon the ports of the Great River which communicate with China's prolific interior. But in doing so she has developed an individual soul.

## CHAPTER II

### THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER AND NANTUNGCHOW

No one could ask for greater comfort in travelling than is afforded on the foreign steamers which ply between Hankow and Shanghai. They are large and commodious, well-fitted, and maintain an excellent service. On the decks of these steamers the passenger may sit in ease and, if he chance to leave Shanghai by day, watch the teeming traffic of the Huangpu. Junks pass one another slowly and serenely in barbaric display, their wide, brown sails asleep in the wind. Swiftly-moving tugs hurry along with little reverence for the traditions of the past. Big ocean-going freighters discharging their cargo at docks or on lighters in mid-stream add to the junk-shop appearance of the river. In the midst of it all are myriad other craft, little tossing red sampans, foreign sail-boats being cleaned and washed under the direction of their *laodahs*, four-masted sailing vessels whose days of usefulness when they transported red woods from Oregon to China seem to have gone by forever.

Around the Woosung Forts and past the lighthouse, then on by Tsung Ming Island, with its million inhabitants, an island which has been formed by the currents of the river as they divided and cast up silt, the steamer moves. The river is extremely wide at this point, so wide indeed that it is difficult to see the opposite shore as the steamer moves on its accustomed course.



The first indication that Nantungchow is near at hand is the sight of the pagoda on Langshan Hills, cloud-covered and picturesque. Five miles farther on, the enterprising traveller clammers down into a scow which has been pushed forth into the stream in time to intercept and become lashed to the still-moving steamer. Once aboard with his baggage, he is almost jerked from his feet as the rope is suddenly loosened and the scow goes swirling backward ; but it is quickly controlled by the sturdy oarsmen and headed toward shore.

Landing on a rock-built jetty, the visitor to Nantungchow is taken by motor-bus to the city over a new highway built up like a dyke to protect the land from the overflow of the Yangtze. Once in the city, he is whisked about around the lakes and over the graceful, 12-arch bridge which spans them ; is taken to inspect the various schools of many kinds and the institutions for the aged infirm, the blind, and the orphans ; is put up at a new and clean Chinese hotel ; and is finally taken to call upon the man whose genius is responsible for it all.

Throughout China there is no other city built as Nantungchow has been, under the personal direction of one man. At every turn is to be seen the embodiment of the ideas of His Excellency Chang Chien. Everything is typical of modern thought and development. Yet, as he stands before you, he seems a perfect representation of the old China of unchanging customs and tradition. Stooped with his 70 years, his hands folded within his long sleeves, he bears himself with that calm dignity which is the birthright of the Chinese



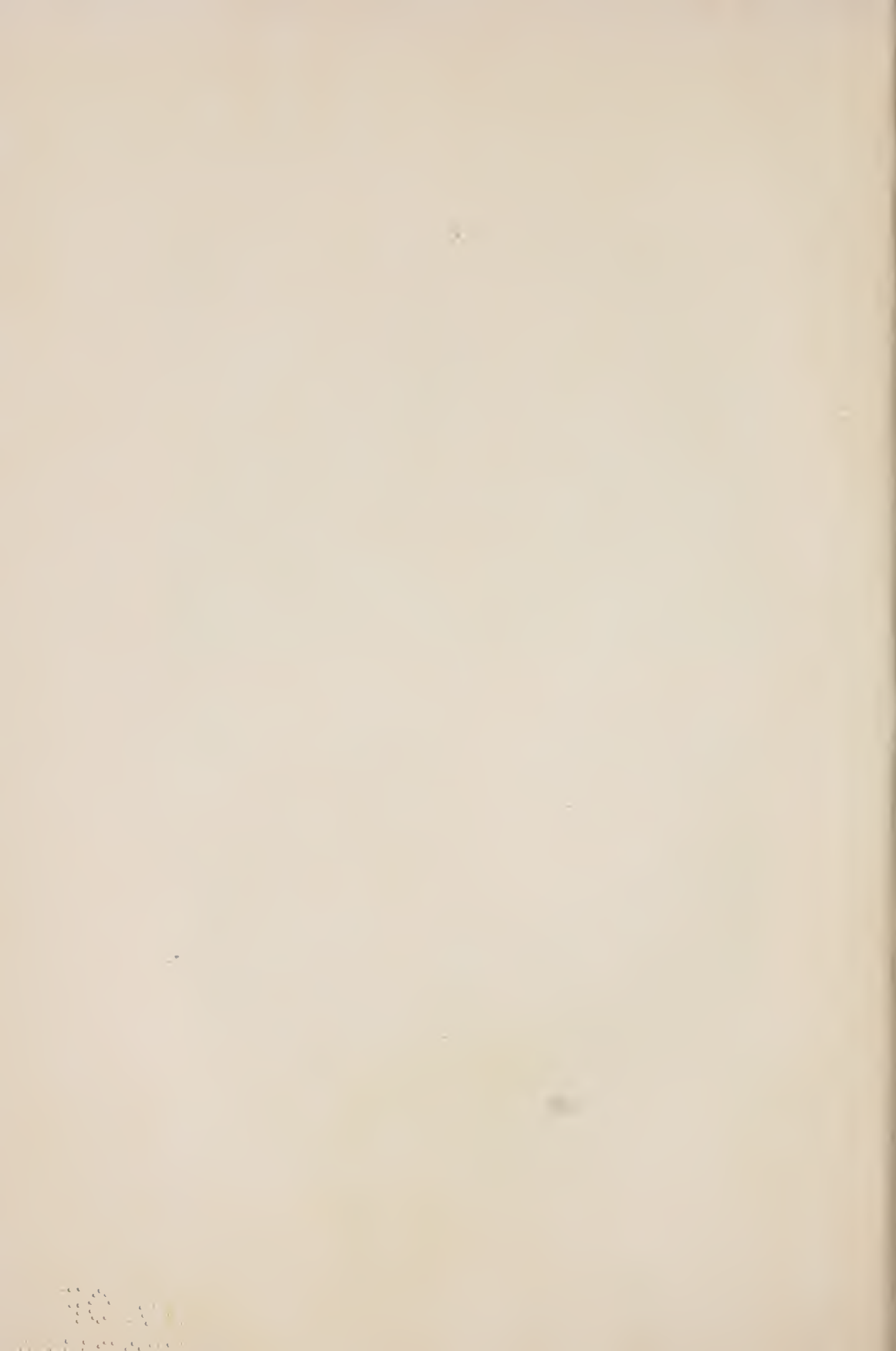


The Great River Near the Sea



*To Face Page 8*

The Eroding Hand of the Centuries



people. One feels the constraint of many minute conventions; great care must be taken not to sit in the wrong chair, nor to drink tea at other than the appointed time, nor to neglect the polite questions of a guest. All this occupies one's mind so that, when His Excellency finally reaches the point of speaking seriously about his real plans and projects, it startles one into the realization that this man's thoughts are not in the past.

Nor is he such a paradox after all. Modernity in regard to industrial and economic conditions is his hobby and the scope of it is very wide, it must be admitted. At heart, however, this old scholar is bound up with the traditions of his people. On the Langshan, the hills to the eastward of the city, he has caused to be built a temple to the Goddess of Mercy and has filled it with images of the Goddess gathered from all parts of the Republic and this has become so famous that pilgrims make their way to the spot year after year from long distances. Neither has he altered the customs which touch his personal life and habits. His home has remained inviolate from modern touch if not from modern thought. It is significant, too, that his pet scheme is the building of a road which will connect this "Model City" with Yangchow, his birth-place, and home of his fathers on the Grand Canal.

A road in that direction has already been started which now connects the industrial centre, Tang Ka Zia, with Nantungchow. One must visit Tang Ka Zia to begin to understand the amount of progressive work which has been accomplished. The road thereto leads along a creek up and down which may be seen slow-moving river-craft laden with cotton and grain,

very fresh and green in the spring-time. Their motive power may be discerned as the heads of the trackers are seen appearing and disappearing above the grain fields within which the tow path is hidden.

After a ride of perhaps half-an-hour the factory district is reached and the traveller is immediately impressed with the excellence of the idea of removing the noise and smoke of the factories from the vicinity of the city settlement. The largest spinning and weaving mill there, the Dah Sun, is also said to be the oldest of its kind in China. It is equipped with 60,000 spindles and 400 looms and provides work for 1,000 people including men, women and children whose wages run from 10 to 40 cents a day. The wage is an average one throughout China but the bonuses paid in the mills and factories of Tang Ka Zia make them actually much higher, while the living conditions of the workers themselves have been improved greatly.

The whole process of turning cotton into cloth may be observed in the Dah Sun mill, from the first coarse spinning of the soft, white substance to the bolted cloth as it is being measured into lengths to be sent forth for bleaching or dyeing. There are also huge reels of cotton thread, the strand being exceptionally strong and firm to be made from cotton of such short staple as is grown in the Nantungchow district. Near the Dah Sun mill is a cotton oil mill which turns out 100 piculs of oil per day. A foreign chemist is in charge of the laboratory and, with his three Chinese assistants, is busy at the work of refining and manufacturing new compounds. He had prepared from the oil a rich yellow compound which, he said,

would shortly be the rival of various popular shortenings and for the manufacture of which Mr. Chang Chien had promised to build a factory.

A last look at Nantungchow and the surrounding district should be taken from the Langshan, which lie to the eastward of Nantungchow about as far as Tang Ka Zia lies to the westward. Farther than one can see from the summit of one of these, the influence of this one man, who seems to be wholly absorbed in the interests of his people, is supreme. Near at hand, in the cup of the valleys, tiny fir trees are set thickly—the work of afforestation. A little beyond are fields of ripening wheat which have been sown and cared for by students of the College of Agriculture. Well-built highways wind about the bases of the hills, through the fields and back toward the city. Upon the eastern side of the hills are erected the summer homes of His Excellency. On the western side, set high upon a rocky slope, are the shrines of pilgrims—pilgrims who may be seen, even as one watches, patiently approaching, their fans fluttering as they walk. And to the southward, the Yangtze winds its brown sinuous length through the green of the countryside.

Strangely, it is the river itself which, having brought into being the ports along its banks, now threatens their existence. Nantungchow lies below the Yangtze's high-water level. It has become evident during the last ten years that concerted action would have to be taken by river frontage owners on both the north and the south banks to prevent valuable farming lands from being washed away. In 1914, a Nantungchow Shore Protection Board was organized and work



begun. This work consisted of revetment made by means of "spur" dykes, layers of stone placed upon brush mattresses along the river front. Mr. H. C. de Rijke, who was well-known at that time in China, was engaged as engineer upon the work until his death in 1918. Mr. Chen Pao-chu is at present vice-director of the Shore Defence Board, under H. E. Chang Chien, and an American engineer, Mr. E. W. Lane, fills the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. de Rijke.

Because the deep water channel of the river has constantly and gradually changed its course, large areas of land have been lost on the one side and thrown up on the other in muddy flats which are not cultivated. Aside from being a great financial loss, this fact creates a dangerous condition of affairs, for instance, in the now practically unused channel behind Pitman King Island where a large bore rushes at flood tide and sweeps over the land.

The plans proposed, which have been presented by a consulting engineer of Shanghai, are designed to stabilize the channel of the river without diverting it unnaturally and should make it possible for the land upon both banks to be reclaimed without danger of being reflooded later. The value of the land far exceeds the cost of the work and the only difficulty is presented by the lack of sufficient funds to work with. Kiangyin, situated on the south bank of the Yangtze, already has a scheme afoot for financing the work upon that side.

The whole problem is, of course, linked up with the entire question of river conservancy and, more particularly, with the difficulties at Chinkiang.

## CHAPTER III

### ON THE GRAND CANAL

DURING the winter months, Chinkiang is barren and desolate. Mud flats extend from the abbreviated Bund far out to the water's edge, gaunt piles thrusting up in support of a then useless jetty. The whole black area is dotted with masted junks sunk partly into the mud, all sagging at different angles. The background of this scene of desolation is more pleasing with its tree-lined Bund and cluster of foreign dwellings, while farther in the distance, beyond the Chinese walled city and suburbs, are rolling green foothills. Chief among these hills is Chinshan, or Golden Island, to the westward, which rises from a capacious temple at its foot and is crowned by a picturesque pagoda standing like a guard on the look-out.

It was between this island and the mainland—now a quiet valley—where the channel of the Yangtze used to flow that the British fleet under Vice-Admiral Sir James Hope anchored in 1861 when engaged in an expedition to open the Yangtze Kiang to foreign trade. The channel has been steadily changing since that time. Golden Island is now a part of the mainland and at a considerable distance from the shore. Great quantities of earth have been carried away by erosion from the northern bank and deposited in the form of a sand-spit before Chinkiang. It is said that in an area of 10,000 *mow* over six billion cubic feet of earth have been torn away during 15 years. Some of the favourite haunts of snipe-shooters on the

northern bank have gone under 75 feet of water in one year's time. Engineering authorities contend that the channel will, after a time, gradually move back to its former position. They say that as the curve of the river grows, the flow of water decreases in velocity and that as it decreases the tendency is toward the deposition of silt. As silt is deposited along the northern bank, erosion will begin on the southern and the present process will reverse itself. Therefore, they say, it is conceivable that in 60 or 70 years Chinkiang may emerge from her present high and dry state. But this is faint consolation for the inhabitants of the city and in particular for the shipping companies, who were filled with hopes of a great treaty port at the junction of the Grand Canal and the Yangtze Kiang.

From the pagoda on Golden Island, which one reaches in a short walk from the city through the countryside, a commanding view is to be had of land and water scenes in every direction. Down river is the temple-crowned Elephant Hill and farther away is Silver Island with temples resting at its base and Chinese fortifications sunk into its summit. To the north across the river stretch the low marshy lands at the mouth of the Grand Canal and one's eyes focus to pick out the location of the famous old city of Yangchow. But on the Chinkiang side the railway stretches in long parallels eastward toward Soochow and Shanghai.

Silver Island, perhaps more than any other spot in the environs of Chinkiang, is visited by travellers. There poets find a romantic atmosphere among the old temples where the abbots and his monks write and copy history to preserve and add to the culture of their

country. Upon the walls the astonished archæologist sees Egyptian and Chinese antiquities side by side. It is in such spots as this that one catches an insight into the imaginative life of the Chinese, to whom the beauty of abstract things is not a phase but an essential of existence.

History tells of Chinkiang's share in the trials of China. Of the days during the Taiping rebellion when the city was laid waste so that when the British fleet arrived in 1861 they saw "hardly a roof among the heap of *dbris* which marked the spot of a once-populous suburb." Of the Yangtze riots of 1891, when the movement was so definitely anti-foreign in character that many of the community were forced to leave the port. Of the terrible Kiangpei famine of 1907, which brought about a huge influx of refugees, who camped outside Chinkiang, the poisonous conditions of their encampment being a severe menace to themselves and to their neighbours. These calamities seemed only to be leading up to the climax of the Revolution, when the massacre of Manchu survivors was wholesale and the general suffering pitiful. Ladies in charge of mission schools who refused to leave their dependent charges, boarded junks with them and remained in the harbour under the protection of a foreign gunboat. Indeed, the intervention of certain Anglo-Saxons who had the wit and courage to turn aside attacks on various occasions was the only lightening of the burden of Chinkiang's sorrows. So true it seems that in China, as elsewhere, misfortune is cumulative and is reaped not by the wrong-doers but by the helpless and the unoffending.



With this picture of Chinkiang, desolate behind her rapidly-increasing mud shore and with her sorrowful background in history, it is a relief to know that a few miles up the Grand Canal one can dip so readily into the glories of a poetic past. One may travel to the city of Yangchow by junk and, seated upon the bow, may imagine one's self sailing picturesquely along in one of the gaily-festooned three-deck vessels in which the mediæval emperors of China travelled in state across their dominions. They were like floating palaces, those barges in which the Imperial party sailed by day. From Loyang on the Yellow River to Yangchow near the Yangtze they sailed in luxury, stopping each of the forty nights *en route* at a shore palace, the most magnificent of the 40 along this Imperial waterway being Yangchow. Here the court were wont to disport itself with a gaiety and extravagance rivalling that of Rome.

A breath of the ancient atmosphere still remains in the ruins of this "Pompeii of old China." The remnants of that grandeur are surrounded by one of the most beautiful walls in China to-day outside which wanders a winding stream edged by weeping willow trees.

Six centuries ago, in the days of Kublai Khan, Marco Polo governed there. Perhaps the Chinese had more cause then than now for anti-foreign feeling, for not only were the Mongols an alien dynasty but, in many cases, they trusted the ruling of their Chinese domains to foreigners from many lands. The Polo family were but a few of a large number of strangers differing in language, religion, race and principle, but suited to the Mongol emperors.



However, it is to the glory of China that Yangchow was less than a century under the Mongol heel and that it is the site of the last valiant stand of Shih Ko-fa, the Ming general, against superior Manchu invaders, many years later.

Yangchow was not rebuilt in the grandeur of the past, but remains a relic of a colourful page of history uncomplicated by layers from later pages which might have obscured that one clear picture.

## CHAPTER IV

### NANKING AND THE PORT ACROSS THE WAY

THE gates are barred and His Majesty's soldiers stand by to allow within now and again a messenger to the new court which has been established, or a member of it, perhaps, who has gone outside the wall. A portly rider enters upon an Imperial donkey and a crowd of small boys—hangers-on at the court—run after in great glee. He rides through streets filled with sad-eyed toiling people who do not lift their heads as he goes by. The inhabitants of the city who have been found to be too old or too weak to work have been killed without mercy. Even the beggars are gone and one is left to surmise what has become of them. Everywhere is confusion and the atmosphere is heavy with dread.

Finally the rider and his escort bring up before the palace grounds. The palace shows signs of having been hastily built and is tawdrily aglitter with red and golden dragons carved and painted above the doors and around the eaves. The rider alights, puffing, and enters the court-yard. Reposing in a large open space is the gilded boat with a huge carved dragon on the bow in which His Celestial Majesty Hung Tsiu-tsuen glided down the Yangtze to Nanking. The palace has many outer reception rooms which are utilized mainly by the servants of the court, of whom there are many. All tasks are light in this easy-going court life and the dusters and sweepers, servitors and soldiers gather together for petty gambling or for

lengthy, noisy discussion. The same shabbiness and disorder is noted within as without. Only the shrieking of bats is needed to complete the gloomy picture.

The portly visitor makes his way nearer the Imperial sanctum. Here there is more activity for His Majesty is eating his tiffin and servants go back and forth, to and from the kitchen bearing bowls of rice and cabbage, meat and fish. His Highness will not be seen until after his afternoon siesta. So the visitor sits or reclines on one of the dusty settees in the inner reception room until four o'clock, when he obtains an audience.

This self-proclaimed Emperor of the "Taiping Dynasty" receives visiting officials in the Audience Chamber, seated upon his throne. His dress is embroidered and studded with gold. He wears a crown of heavy gold and likewise a necklace of gold. And during the hours of audience he discusses the affairs of State, issues proclamations, receives and answers letters. Here is a man, insincere, fanatic, who has spread fear of himself and his followers throughout southern China. He has captured and held Nanking and is destined to hold it for more than ten years. He is destroying the buildings of the old capital and has persecuted the city's inhabitants. And he does all this for the sake of the spread of Christianity, he says, though, to be sure, it is Christianity very strangely interpreted. Missionaries have written to him explaining its truths and discussing the teachings of the Bible, but Tien-wang, as he is called, disregards them all and in the end claims "that he has been to Heaven himself and is, therefore, correctly informed."

Such is the picture which historians of the Taiping times have given us of Nanking. The energetic founder of the Ming Dynasty who made it his capital for years even before he despatched the final expeditionary force that drove the last of the Mongol line out of Peking and back to their old home in Mongolia, must have turned and writhed in his grave.

Even now, many people think that Nanking should be the capital of a united China. During the Revolution the original Republican plan was to make Nanking the reform capital of regenerated China and after conquering it from the stubborn Chang Hsun and his pig-tailed braves who held the city while the rest of the Empire crumbled and fell away, a new Parliament proceeded with business there. An impressive ceremony was held at the Ming tombs when Dr. Sun Yat-sen reverently informed the spirits of the great Ming Emperors that the usurping dynasty had lost the throne and that China once more was to be ruled by Chinese. But in order to prevent his own sources of power from moving afield and scattering, President Yuan Shih-kai allowed portions of his Peking garrison to mutiny, thus leading the Southerners to the impression that he was not able to keep the Republic in power without Peking at the head.

The ancient city is more quiet and peaceful now than in those times, lying as it does between the separate strifes of North and South. The Old Porcelain Tower which once stood at Nanking and became famous all over the world is in ruins. Visitors have picked up the tiles one by one until nothing is left of it except that part which remains beneath the ground. The







Avenue to Ming Tombs of Nanking



Nanking City Wall

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buildings of the erstwhile capital are a great grey heap of ruins near the South Gate. And the old examination halls, with their tiny cubicles and long corridors where scholars came year after year to struggle for their degrees, are gone, too, since the beginning of Republican days. Only the tombs of the Ming Emperors have remained to watch through the centuries.

Always it is found thus in China, history within history, event piled upon event until the atmosphere is so burdened with the age of a great civilization that one is ever walking old ways and gazing into the faces of men who have walked thus since their lives began.

A crenelated wall wanders for 23 miles around the city of Nanking, up and down over hill and valley, supporting high, picturesque ramps or falling into equally picturesque ruin, all grey and lavender as the sunlight and shadows fall. To the eastward, Purple Mountain looms large and near, protecting, under its shadow, the Ming tombs. Compact villages cling tightly to the outside of the wall as though to gather safety from nearness. But inside are wide stretches of country, dotted with tiny settlements like little farms and spread—as if washed with water colours—with fields of mustard and splashes of lotus. After one passes through the bell-towered gate into the city from the crowded village without, it is like going into the country-side rather than away from it.

One jolts along over a bad road in an all but broken-down ricscha. All the decrepit vehicles in China seem to have gravitated to Nanking. The once flagged roadway presents continual bumps and jolts which would not have been possible had the original

clay foundation remained without repair since it was first laid out. One passes village-like settlements, the inhabitants of which continue to thresh their grain with the primitive flail and weave their homespun cotton on hand looms set upon the earth floors of their cottages; and comes at length upon the schools and colleges, universities and experimental stations, all arranged in one section of Nanking. Here again is the contrast between old and new. Ginling College, a school for girls which maintains the highest standards of women's colleges in America, is housed within the old mansion of Li Hung-chang. The students may be seen on a summer's day studying or reading in the old, fascinating garden where one catches glimpses of drooping willow trees through crumbling moon gates. And all about goes on the work of educating young China in western learning side by side with the instruction of the foreign student in Chinese language and customs.

Across the way is Pukow with little history and no romance, a railway terminus only. The stumpy masts and erect stack of a practical Blue Funnel liner reveal themselves against the smoky atmosphere. Here the railway and the Great River meet, 200 odd miles up from the sea with deep water beside the wharves so that ocean steamers can tranship directly, exchanging the products of Europe for those of China.

The original plans for China's north coast railway called for a route following the Grand Canal and crossing the Yangtze at Chinkiang. But the improved plans which substituted Nanking for Chinkiang as a terminal on the south bank made Pukow the gateway to the north and a strategic point economically. It

possesses a great advantage over Hankow, for at all times of the year ocean steamers can reach Pukow, while Hankow is only open to large steamers during the few months of the high water season.

At present the railway lines stretch northwards traversing the Grand Canal and Yellow River country to Tsinanfu, Tientsin and Peking, but when the new central railway is built, Pukow will have direct rail connections with Sinyang, the great mart of southern Honan and, also, perhaps, with Hankow and the other great cities of Central China. Sinyang is a great salt centre and outlet for the products of the country lying south.

Pukow possesses great possibilities as a port where the rich ores of Shansi and the northern provinces may be loaded on sea-going vessels. With adequate development of the northern mines and mining railways in connexion with the trunk line running to Pukow, this might be a great shipping terminus for the industrial minerals which China possesses so abundantly.

As an example of the stimulation of foreign enterprise Pukow is distinctive, for it was totally unheard of twenty years ago and, though its normal development has been retarded by the military and political troubles so frequent during the first decade of the Republic, still the working figures for 1919 show a final profit per kilometre of line amounting to Mex. \$2,848. For improvements and additions to property, the sum of Mex. \$996,000 was expended, \$364,000 of this being for new rolling stock.

But as an object of romantic interest the Yangtze traveller is glad to leave it behind.



## CHAPTER V

### WUHU, THE RICE CENTRE OF THE YANGTZE

WUHU, the rice centre of the Yangtze valley, flaunts her riches before the eyes of all travellers up the river and, more especially, to visitors at her port who take time to climb to the top of one of her many hills and look down upon field after field of paddy laid out in squares and rectangles.

Here and there remains a patch of lightest green still untransplanted and through all the fields women and men are working steadily, crouching as they wade about knee-deep in water, weeding or replanting the rice. The fields are terraced so that each is higher than the next and at the corners of many plots primitive water paddles are worked either by hand or by tread-mill to carry the water up these terraces and over the dykes that act as retaining walls. Sometimes three or four men and women, with skirts tucked up short around their waists, tread the water-carrier and from a distance look like ballet dancers on a puppet-stage. Coming closer, you see that they rest their arms over the upper wooden support and take their work easily, laughing and gossiping with one another.

Other stages of rice-planting are not so easy, such as guiding a clumsy plough behind a clumsier caribou through the mud and water of a destined rice-field. The whole scene is dotted with dry oases of straw-thatched huts set at intervals in the watery desert and away off to the south-east you can rest your eyes



on the soft, uneven sky-line formed by range after range of dusky blue hills.

That is the traveller's first impression of Wuhu. He sees that it is quiet, sleepy perhaps, but prosperous as his boat draws up before the one-mile stretch of Bund that is the river frontage of the Foreign Settlement, and looks for the first time at the green hills, around and over which Wuhu is built, and gazes at the prominent, well cared-for Customs buildings with the clock-tower on the centre one. He then lands at a pontoon placed conveniently by an enterprising steamship company, or perhaps farther down at Vienne steps and then as he traverses the rice-fields he hears and gradually comes to see the truth of the statement that the history of Wuhu is bound up in the history of rice, rice markets, flood and pestilence that come to destroy her crops, and years of prosperity under favourable conditions.

The legend of the moving of Wuhu city nearer the banks of the Yangtze tells the same story. It is said that years ago the city was situated many miles up Wuhu Creek but that as prosperity increased, the local magistrate saw the need of getting nearer the river. So he simply issued an order that the town be transplanted a few miles down the creek.

And then occurred what must have been a strange and unique spectacle. The city was picked up, literally, and carried piecemeal, brick by brick, to her new site. Can you imagine a horde of people such as live crowded together in the confines of the smallest Chinese city, carrying their houses and furniture and clothing and pans and kettles to a new homesite ?

Since that time the foreigner came, and it was found that the city was still too far from the banks of the Great River; so the suburbs began to be built as developments grew eastward and northward. The treaty port was opened in 1877. That marked the beginning of truly prosperous times, because the people of Wuhu had always been too conservative to accomplish much before.

Besides rice, which has always been the great staple and has overshadowed everything else, rape and wheat were also grown and, as the business with the south increased (Canton and Swatow always purchased great quantities of rice) imports increased also—opium, cigarettes, kerosene and sugar. The year 1904 was a record year for rice,  $8\frac{1}{2}$  million piculs being exported, besides large quantities of rapeseed, wheat and cotton, and some beans, making a total valued at thirty million taels for the year.

In 1907, rice exports fell off because prices were so high and because the southern market was closed when rice began to come in more cheaply and with less difficulty from Indo-China and Siam.

But the feather business grew up then and has recently developed into a large industry, including farms of ducks and geese and plants for sorting the feathers. Paper and skins and hides increased, leaf tobacco began to figure in the Customs reports, rice picked up again in 1910, and then came the well-remembered year of the revolution, 1911, beginning with severe floods and heavy rains as a forecast of impending evil.



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**The Shady Side of the Yangtze**



But, in some respects, Wuhu did not fare so badly during the revolution. The fact that she was accessible to deep-draft vessels the year round, the last port on the Yangtze so served, which is one of the facts of richest promise for Wuhu, made her a port of transshipment. Kerosene oil, intended for Hankow, was dumped at Wuhu—eight million gallons of it in that year. Those were the days before the telegraph came and Wuhu did not know whether or not she had a market for her rice. People who were living in the Valley at that time were accustomed to see 30 or more steamers being loaded at one time with rice for export. The waterways from the city made Wuhu a distribution centre for the province and her future importance was secured.

Early in the spring, before the rice crop has been planted, the rape grows so abundantly that on cloudy days, the yellow fields look like sunshine and seem to reflect rays of light. In three different ports outlying from Wuhu iron ore is taken from the ground and exported, chiefly to Japan. Silk cocoons are sent down the river for sale to the owners of filatures in other ports. A cotton spinning and weaving mill was built in 1919 and its 10,000 spindles are busy night and day working on raw cotton which has been imported from the United States and Nantungchow. A lamp chimney factory was also put into operation that same year and has an output of some 500 dozen lamps daily. The Wuhu flour mills are probably the most successful enterprise of all. In 1909 the largest of these was burned down, but it was rebuilt and is flourishing. Manufactured eggs from dried yolk and albu-



men are exported too, while soap and candles made locally prevent the import of those commodities.

Wuhu is not wholly commercial. There are 14 schools for boys and girls. Many missions are doing what they can medically, industrially and educationally for the Chinese. Prison reform began in 1911 and one of the most modern, well-ventilated gaols in China exists to-day in Wuhu native city. We went to it over the wide Maloo, which is one of the principal streets of the town. It was built years ago by famine-stricken labourers. This street skirts one of China's picturesque lakes with the inevitable willows and islands bearing cool-looking tea-houses, and the fisherman watching his nets. It leads through the suburbs into the native city through a gate built in the crumbling wall and, once inside, you feel that you are among a different people from those outside the gate. When inland people come to the city, and particularly a port town, such as Wuhu, it is said that they lose their fine manners and conservative habits and that the women go forth into the streets and show their faces to the world, a thing they would never have thought of doing in their old homes. The inner city, however, has a little less of the riff-raff element that is found outside, and we thread the narrow streets to the prison, looking in at the barber shops where the fastidious Chinese is having his ears cleaned with an ear-pick, and passing the ever-present chow houses.

Inside the prison at last, we watched the men and women inmates making match boxes, weaving cloth, carving wood into furniture and knickknacks of fanciful design. The rooms are well-ventilated and large.

There is plenty of space, court-yards between buildings, and there is no absolute isolation. The women are on one side with their looms and wrappers for match boxes. They work side by side, talk to one another and need not wear uniform.

Right along the way from the prison is the Temple of Hell, and pictured there for contemplation are all the tortures of Hades in images of ugly red and blue devils. Groups of gods are divided one from another by wooden fences thus forming separated rooms which a coolie may rent for his temporary home.

On again from here one arrives at the saddest place of all—the orphanage. A knocker hangs against the wall above a stone step built to receive the babies. The knocker is conveniently placed for the amah just inside who is wakened by it seven or eight times in a night when it heralds the arrival of other little orphans. The mothers or fathers who bring the babies rarely reveal their identity, so the children's names are never known. Each one is taken in, put into whatever tiny crib space is left and assigned to a nurse whose duty it is to feed and rock him.

And you may go through room after room and see babies until you think that you must have seen all there are in the world. A nurse sits and eats her rice from a bowl, rocking a crib on her left with her foot and one on her right with her elbow so that she can shove a mouthful of rice into her own mouth at every rock, and thus demonstrates that it is possible to do not only two but several things at one time. In each crib there are two babies and if one of them is not yet diseased, he soon will be through contact.

But it all, one would suppose, is a step in the right direction, this effort to preserve the lives of babies, even if there are already a million or two superfluous ones in China.

Wuhu is built around hills. The Chinese seek the levels between them, not realizing the advantages of breathing more clarified air and opportunely leave the hill tops to the foreigners. On Dah Kuan Shan are the homes of the Standard Oil and the Asiatic Petroleum people. On Chê San is the Government School. On one beautifully wooded hill is the Commissioner's home, surrounded by picturesque gardens and walks. Green Hill is the home of some missionaries and near them a Chinese tenement house is being erected, the apartments of which will rent for \$10 per month.

The hill nearest the river front is I Chi San and it is here that the Wuhu General Hospital is situated, erected and conducted for many years through the untiring efforts of Dr. Hart, who died in Wuhu in 1913 and whose memory is honoured by Chinese and foreigners alike. Some idea of the valuable work done in the hospital can be had by a trip through its wards almost any morning, by a glimpse into the operating room, where an average of from eight to ten operations are performed every day, and most of all, by conversation with the contented, busy nurses and doctors who throw themselves so whole-heartedly into their work with the conviction of its worth-whileness. Plans have been made and the money partly raised for a large new hospital to be built on the same site and it is hoped that work can soon begin. A wing is to be built for foreigners. From the top of I Chi San

a fine view of Wuhu and the river reaching out for miles in both directions can be had. Just as this outlook over the city is the most hopeful of any that may be obtained, so the work that goes on upon that hill typifies the most hopeful development of Wuhu, and perhaps of all China, and goes hand in hand with her prosperity.

## CHAPTER VI

### AN INTERLUDE IN A LAUNCH

WE had travelled all day from Wuhu toward Anking hugging one bank or the other of the Yangtze, sometimes taking a narrower channel that ran behind a long island, always watching the life in the villages as we passed—men and women carrying water from the stream in new wooden buckets, small boys driving water buffaloes down and clambering on their backs to use them as diving platforms, trackers who toiled along the tow-path sometimes hidden completely from view behind tall banks of reeds. We wondered what China could do with such an immense crop of reeds, but we soon learned that reeds have many purposes. They give consistency to the mud which forms village huts. They thatch the roofs of these same huts. They give heat and fire by which to cook. They feed the buffalo, too, and are used in innumerable ways about the village.

About three o'clock in the afternoon we arrived at Tikiang. All along the banks huge piles of iron ore were dumped. A Japanese cargo-boat was anchored there and there was much business on board as the cargo came on to be stowed away and as repairs were made around the ship's sides.

Tikiang is a deserted-looking town for all the business offshore. All the shacks and godowns are on the verge of the river and seem about to be pushed in by the high hill which crowds itself so close behind. But the shacks are in a sad state of dilapidation. They



seem to be saved from the calamity of being blown away by the protecting presence of the very hill which threatens them. There is a hotel reputed to be a fairly good one which makes its appearance from the centre of this huddled town, and on its upper verandah pots of geraniums are bravely displayed in defiance of the utter desolation of the scene. It is like a pioneer town abandoned by everything but hope. Hope, though, is there in force as is evidenced by the existence of a company operated with Japanese capital under Chinese control which is scouring the country for iron.

There is another company which is entirely Chinese and there are coal mines farther back in the hills. A small railway carries the ore back and forth from the mine to the waterfront and the cars were lined up on shore. There were piles and piles of the reddish ore, but we saw no coal.

Later in the afternoon, as we proceeded toward Anking, cool breezes were blowing over the river. The fishermen with their nets along the bank were squatting just as they had all day and though we had watched carefully whenever a net chanced to be raised as we were passing by, we had witnessed only one catch. It was a tiny silvery fish and could be seen wriggling as it was brought out of the big net by a dip-net. One would think that the Chinese brought their little mat tents out along the river's banks and sat there for days and weeks for the pure joy of it.

We arrived at Tatung after the sun had set and it was possible only to get a dim outline of a city on

the bank of the river and also on the island where the business portion is situated. The city is a great salt centre and owes its importance to that fact. The head office for the Wunan district is at Tatung and the local people are making great protests against its proposed removal to Wuhu. For though there is tea of a poor quality exported and some trade passes through, there is no big trade at Tatung except the salt.

The year of 1911 will be remembered round about. Always subject to flood, in that year Tatung was forced to undergo the misery, poverty and loss of life, brought on by an abnormal rise of water which was only a forecast of the further trouble which came through the famine following the flood and the rebellion at the end of the year. The white flag was hoisted peacefully enough on December 13, but as there was a dispute between the leaders as to who should hold the town battle could not be entirely escaped. Li Tsung-yuen decided that he would take charge and he did so for nearly a month, when Sun Shao-hou appeared on the scene with 300 troops and disputed the authority of the former. Li was of the Military Government and Sun had been nominated by the Anhui gentry.

The battle was not begun until the Deputy Commissioner of the Salt Gabelle had been carried to safety down the river in his house-boat, and it lasted five hours, ending in a complete victory for Li, whose troops outnumbered Sun's by some 500. During the skirmish, a Chinese gun-boat steamed up and fired a few shots indiscriminately into the midst of the battle, but did no damage except to an official's

yamên. After it was over, when it was found that 35 men had been killed, the Likin Commissioner was formally requested to return, and Li remained in power.

From Tatung to Anking appears as only a short distance on the map, but it took all night on the launch, a beautiful night of stars and fireflies along the bank and cool breezes over the deck. The next morning the lovely pagoda of Anking was in sight.

## CHAPTER VII

### ANKING AND ITS TRADITIONS

THE little gods that bring change and wreck tradition are threatening Anking. Enclosing herself within ancient city walls, denying the admittance of foreigners, here old China is being bombarded from within.

Progress and reform are not coming through the foreign missionary who lives in the midst of this officialdom, not even through the example of the foreigner, for though he seeks to teach and aid, he purposely lags just a little behind the new progressive movement of the Chinese students to avoid the antagonism of the people. It is the younger generation, the students in Government schools, the boys who want to choose their own wives and the girls who want the respect and companionship of their husbands and release from the tyranny of mothers-in-law, who are bringing it.

Not long ago Anking witnessed a strike of students who dared to question the Provincial Assembly regarding the appropriation of certain funds. This strike was one of many, typical of the spirit which pervades this old, proud city and prophetic of the turmoil which must come before fundamental changes in government and custom can take place. The spirit has been growing throughout China for a long time. It is not always well-directed and is certainly not directly constructive, but it is an outgrowth of a worthy

and sincere rebellion against corrupt official practices and worn-out customs.

Some time ago the students in the Government schools at Anking demanded self-government and got it. The president of the student-body issued passes for entrance to and from the schools. No one was allowed to enter without one, not even a master. If a master offended the students, he was simply dismissed and there was no use in his returning, because the students would not receive his instruction. The students decided when they would have holidays and took them, held strikes on any and all occasions, and, of course, their education has suffered increasingly through it all.

Lacking the stability of age, these youths ruin what would otherwise be a good cause. In the occurrence of the soldier and student riot they lost a great amount of sympathy they would have otherwise received by carrying the bloody shirt of an injured student through the streets and proclaiming that the student was dead. He had not died and they knew it, because they had been told emphatically at the hospital that he was still alive, but they wanted sentiment to be on their side and took that method of getting it.

The same night of the riot a great marriage feast was going on in the yamên of the Civil Governor in honour of the son's union with his bride. Foreign wines were being served with the Chinese feast. So it is that the old clashes with the new. The walls whose gates are so carefully locked every night are being battered down by modernism.



These changes, however, have not removed the fascination of the old city. As you walk down the principal street, you can look beyond its hilly convolutions to the corner around which it disappears in a tangled maze of the colour of street signs and banners. The city is spread out over large territory and is not as densely packed as most Chinese cities. One can see that this is true more clearly from the top of the old pagoda so famous in Anking history.

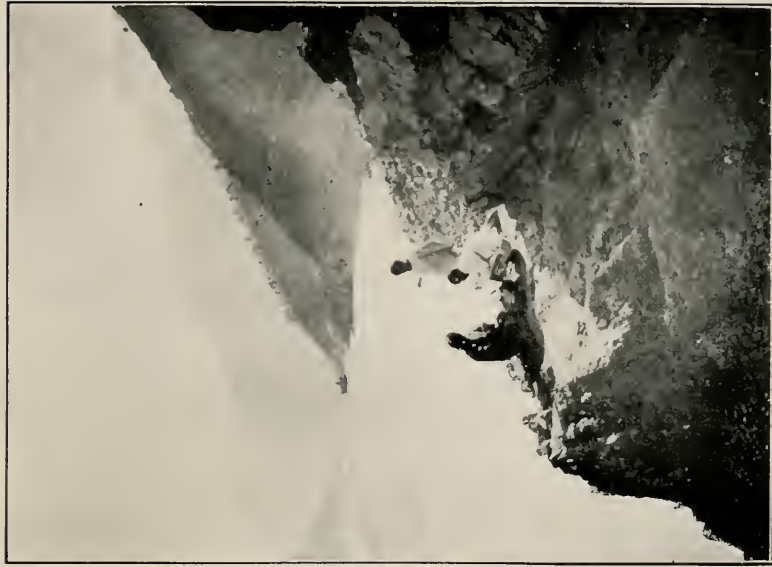
From that point of vantage one can look over the surrounding beautiful country to the big lake which lies at the foot of Big Dragon Mountain, and which is connected with the city of Anking by a clear, winding river. It is over this that foreigners go in canoes for evening picnics and suppers in the spring-time.

The port is protected on the north and west by ranges of hills, but the east and south are free and open, with the river stretching out wide and muddy as far as can be seen, with clear bodies of water along the edges that appear to be tributaries but are really lakes. The straw-thatched huts and tiled-roofed, plastered houses of Anking are crowded on the very bank of the river much like any other port of the Yangtze, the solid picture broken here and there by a church spire or the red roof of a mission building and the curved roofs of Chinese temples.

The outlying country, cut with streams which are in turn fringed with willows, and blocked into rice-fields, bears witness to the fact that we are still in the rice country, that cereal being the chief export from the uncommercial port of Anking. We climbed



The Upper Entrance to the Wind-Box Gorge



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A Halt on the Riverside Track



down the steep steps of the pagoda which descend into the Buddhist temple in the centre of which the pagoda stands. This temple is one of the cleanest in China. The images of the gods are not so mutilated by time. There is a pleasant smell of incense throughout and every now and again a big iron bell sounds as the priest who sits beside it strikes it with the hammer. The clang echoes and re-echoes to long vibrations. On the front steps are the huge anchors which legend says were placed there to keep the ship city from floating farther down the river in the same manner in which it came to its present site. The pagoda is a beautiful mast indeed for such a legend, every corner hung with a tinkling bell.

From the pagoda we went back again through the narrow streets, this time by ricscha, through the west gate to the Dah Kuan Ting or Pavilion of the Grand View. Here Chinese tea and water-melon seeds are served on the verandah and the people of the city come to rest in the shade of the broad eaves. We saw from here the old yamên grounds where the provincial mint turns out great quantities of coppers. In the same enclosure are the electric plant and telephone company headquarters. Farther away are the grey soldiers' barracks and on another side and by itself in the centre of a green plain is a curved temple roof which marks the centre of a public park built by the city for the pleasure of the city folk. There are boats there for use on the lotus lily pond, and zig-zag bridges and tea pavilions.

From the yamên going back through the west gate up the broad banking street one soon comes to

the wholesale section, where prosperous-looking shops line the way. Old residents say that the increasing prosperity of Anking is plain to see. They point to buildings all along the way and say that "this is new this year" and "this has been remodelled slightly after foreign style," etc. The people are wearing better clothes, too, for there is more money in the city, and (most significant of all) the little Chinese girls are coming to the schools in ever-increasing numbers.

The reason for this increase in prosperity is difficult to discover. Anking is decidedly an uncommercial port. Perhaps it is because retail and wholesale business thrives in official cities. Perhaps it is because the city has room to spread out beyond the walls and the struggle for existence is not so intense.

The end of the journey is the St. Paul Mission compound, a most refreshing climax. Coming from the glaring, stone-paved streets into this green and treeful spot, fragrant with flowers, is like stepping into another country. But though life is happy, it is not irresponsible within. Just as we were entering we were stopped to allow a stretcher to pass on its way to the hospital. The stretcher was improvised from a long bamboo table turned upside down and the patient was a woman suffering from phosphorus poisoning. It is a favourite way for unhappy wives to commit suicide—by eating red-tipped matches. And the nurses and doctors of the Mission have a double responsibility for they must cure their patient both physically and mentally, if it is possible.

The hospital and nurses' home are models of cleanliness and efficiency. Every detail of the work,



within and without the laboratory, is carefully supervised and meticulously tended.

Bishop Huntington, the Rev. Mr. Lee and Dr. Taylor are perhaps the oldest foreign residents in Anking and they have thrilling stories to tell of truly fearful times when Governors and their entire families were refugees in the compound. One that is told with especial relish is of the escapade of Dr. Taylor who pulled a fat Governor over the wall with ropes and then helped him to escape to a Japanese gunboat on the river. It is a common failing to believe that adventure is the treasure of the past. But we had reason to believe that times were stirring again that night when we were awakened to unmistakable sounds of riot. It was the students' uprising in which four were seriously injured, one of their number eventually dying of his wounds.

No story of Anking would be complete without a mention of the beautiful cross-stitch work for which it is well-known. Mrs. Lee of the St. Paul Mission began the work years ago. It is done on the finest linen and the designs are of Peking water carriers and camel caravans, of Orphan Island on the Yangtze river and other river scenes, and of pagodas and other things Chinese. The work now gives employment to some 300 women who receive better than average wages. It has progressed rapidly enough and been successful enough so that the first outlay of capital has nearly all been paid back.

From the point at which the business becomes money-making, it is intended that it shall be made co-operative, providing better homes for the workers

and a sinking fund against years of bad exchange or poor business. With how much more interest the New York buyer would purchase the charming luncheon sets if he could see the tea shop at the gate of the compound in Anking where the Chinese women sit and chatter as they carefully work the reds and browns and greens and china blues into dainty designs !

## CHAPTER VIII

### KIUKIANG, A TALE OF GLORY DEPARTED

YEARS ago, tea and silk merchants, the aristocrats among the traders, sought the Yangtze Valley for her wealth. Then the Valley was rich in such and the great, green island at the northern mouth of Tungting Lake was cultivated for its choice teas for the fastidious court of Peking. Then, too, camel caravans carried bricks of the sun-dried leaves overland from the railroad terminus at Kalgan to supply the Russian market, a thriving and increasing trade until its sudden, abrupt end. Viceroys with hobbies cultivated mulberry plants and built silk filatures along the banks of the Yangtze Kiang, jealously guarding their secrets from the foreigner.

But the fascination of such a royal trade was great and many an obscure port became prosperous by virtue of it. Such a port was Kiukiang. The slopes of Lu Shan yielded tea and mulberry plants. The natives continued their handwork trades in paper, lace and tobacco. Pine saplings brought from Japan were used in the afforestation of the hills. In the sixties the town was thriving and teeming with tradesmen who supported a Race Club before Hankow ever thought of her beautiful one of to-day.

And what is Kiukiang now? A port of transhipment of pottery from Chintehchen, a stopping-place for seekers of coolness on their way to Kuling—that is all. The natives have degenerated from the race of braves who wore emblazoned on their backs and breasts

the figure of a target, to indolent and poor labourers. The tea is gone and the tradesmen come no more.

Below Kiukiang along the Yangtze, lies Poyang Lake—the goal of the rivers that flow from the interior of Kiangsi. By this route comes the pottery from Nanchang and there in turn from Chintehchen. By this route, also, come many other products of the south, rice and ramie, tobacco and indigo.

By all logical reasoning, Kiukiang should be situated on the shore of the lake instead of in her breezeless hollow of the hills. But it is said that years ago Poyang lake reached far over to the foot of the Lu Shan hills and then Kiukiang was built upon the stretch of land beyond. There was an island in the centre of the lake and temples upon it as well as on the hills, and sampans carried devout pilgrims to their places of worship. So it is pictured in the old Chinese annals of the province with fascinating sketches. As the lake territory silted up and moved eastward, Kiukiang remained locked by hills and cut off from her second waterway.

But what has become of the tea? Too long the Chinese people had thought themselves secure in their ancient possession of a world monopoly. In the seventies, China produced 86 per cent. of the world's trade. By the end of the 19th century this had shrunk to 25 per cent. Farmers disregarded the poorer qualities altogether and, because they did not use scientific methods in the cultivation of the better grades, these, too, gradually came to be inferior.

The Government added a stumbling-block by imposing heavy taxation upon the tea and the farmer hand-

ed down his outworn methods from generation to generation like an heirloom. No attempt was made to cater to a foreign trade which was more and more placing tea among the necessities of life. Afternoon tea was becoming an institution throughout England, Australia and Canada, and as it became so, Java and Ceylon and India grasped the opportunity and gradually grew into greater and greater favour with their lower prices and better qualities.

And then came the Russo-Japanese war in 1905 and the Russian market, which until then demanded so much, ceased entirely. Camel caravan and cart ceased carrying their bricks of tea across the Gobi Desert and that trade has never been revived.

As if these calamities were not enough to kill the trade, malpractices arose and buried it deep. Dirt mixed with the tea to increase the bulk and false samples sent to buyers undermined the trust which is so important for sound, permanent trade. Now India, Ceylon, and Java teas have almost completely usurped the place that those of China held so long.

The farmer, secure in his belief that the tea industry is a gift from the gods, goes on planting and picking as his father and grandfather did before him. He plants thickly, thinking thus to get the most out of the land when, in reality, the plants would yield more heavily if thinned out and distributed over a greater area. When he finds the plants leaved, he gathers the leaves all at once, while science and better



method teaches that they should be carefully selected and picked at intervals. And he commits a crowning error when he allows the gathered product to lie in heaps indefinitely never moving it for rain or humidity until necessity moves him to do so.

Even with all this, China could no doubt increase her market for tea if excessive taxation were removed, because the flavour of Chinese tea is known to be unmatched. And so the trade is not hopeless. Education would do much for the farmers. Experimental schools could be established, experts could be sent about the country to plant seed and teach new methods of harvesting. Education and the removal of taxation seem to be the only two remedies in sight for present conditions of the trade.

In the meantime, Kiukiang has slipped into obscurity. She has had no "muck and truck" to fall back upon as had Hankow. Held in the hollow of Lu Shan hills, the breathless heat of her summer is proverbial. And her halcyon days are over. One can dip back into the glorious days of the past by thumbing over the grey and dusty pages of her old race calendars when visiting horses were brought from Chinkiang and Hankow and when the captains of the up and down river boats presented purses for the races. One can imagine the old-time victoria, that later gave place to the motor-car with Filipino chauffeur, driving the ladies to the race course on the great days.

One can go out along the old city wall to the little lake with its picturesque bridge and causeway and its rows and rows of women washing the clothes of Kiu-

kiang's blue-gowned population. There can be seen the little island with its ancient pavilion first called "The Pavilion above Drowned Moon," where Whang Tan-chuen was met by a fairy and taught how to heal the film over his mother's eyes—a bit of the tradition of the more distant past. But one cannot bring these things back.

## CHAPTER IX

### NANCHANG THE UNASSAILABLE

AWAY down in Central Kiangsi, sheltered by the Western Hills, lies a great city, inaccessible, secure, and untouched by modern thought, a city with a population which equals that of San Francisco, and the territory of which spreads far out beyond the city gates and furnishes raw products for her many industries. Every street and temple breathes religious superstition and her history is told in legend.

Nanchang is perhaps unique in that it has never been sacked in the memory of man. When the Taipings years ago came to the wall of Nanchang, they saw, seated upon it, the figure of a huge man swinging his feet in the moat. He was apparently selling sandals three feet in length to the beleaguered citizens. That was enough for the attacking band. They turned and fled. The figure of the man was an idol of the good magistrate, Hsu Hsien-chen, who is worshipped not only in Nanchang, but all over Kiangsi province and indeed all over China, wherever Kiangsi people settle. He was deified because he was so just and kind and sympathetic, and because he never took "squeeze" and would not tolerate corruption. He also threw the flood dragon down a well, telling him as he did so that he might come forth *when the iron tree blossomed*. This well is in the huge Wen Shco-kung temple in the centre of the city and, though this temple was burned down six years ago, it is now being rebuilt at a huge



A Gate of the Gorges





cost, because the people insist that they cannot be without it.

Plague and flood and brigandage would come if there were no Wen Sheo Kung temple in which to worship in Nanchang. There are quantities of shops and stands, exhibiting articles of all description, crowded into the first temple. One is reminded of the temples of Jerusalem with their money-changers. There are sidewalk stands under huge umbrellas exhibiting food-stuffs, articles of clothing, trinkets. Behind the temple 400 workmen are busy, planing wood, carving intricate designs in pieces destined for the ceiling and decorative alcoves; fashioning marvellous dragons, lions and unicorns; and working on the structure.

Nanchang is very wealthy. Porcelains come first in the list of exports as Nanchang is the distributing centre for Chintehchen, 100 miles away, one of the largest potteries in the world. There are a few porcelain manufacturies in the capital city herself, one, which we visited, in a private home. It was in the home of Mr. Yuan Chin-fang, a wealthy banker, a scholar and artist, and a connoisseur of porcelains.

When Mr. Yuan appeared, an approachable, friendly man, fastidiously dressed in a very fine satin gown, we were served with tea and shown the collection of porcelains arranged throughout the house. His prize was a huge vase of Kang Hsi blue and white, about three feet high and twenty inches across, which was named after Li T'ai Po. Mr. Yuan values it at twenty thousand dollars.

Just across the way is the porcelain factory, with its fascinating tiny bowls filled with colour,

its rows of brushes of different sizes and lengths, its unfinished bowls and blow-pipes. We saw the porcelain dust which is blown over the embossed design lying in little piles and we looked at many delicately finished pieces which seemed to carry out the ancient requirements of being "as transparent as a mirror, as thin as paper, and as blue as the sky."

Mr. Yuan's other toy is a house built entirely in foreign style, which he exhibits as a show place with great pride. The "refreshments" served there were just the beginning of a day which developed into a succession of teas.

The factors which contribute toward making Nanchang a wealthy city are that her people are peaceful; that she has never been looted; that she does not harbour a nest of brigands; that rice and clothing are cheap, that she is in the centre of an agricultural district which raises enough food in one year to last for three; and that there are no large centres of amusement to draw the people's money. There are multitudinous products of the district and the resulting industries, including rice, bamboo, camphor wood, hemp, pottery, the manufacture of ink, and silver, brass, copper and gold shops.

The methods used in these shops are the same that were used thousands of years ago. We watched a man drawing silver with a small hand windlass by pulling it through many holes graduated to smaller and smaller sizes. Nearby two men were pounding gold leaf. One had been there twenty years, the other thirty, steadily hammering for twelve hours a day and for 365 days a year. The gold was placed in layers with

black paper between and made into a square package. This was placed on a stone block and the men sat on opposite sides of it. One raised his iron mallet high in the air. The other timed his stroke to the first man's and placed it between his rythmical beating. They were pleased at our interest and gave us the iron mallets to lift so that we could see how heavy they were.

The worst sweat shop was a tiny room without ventilation of any kind in which twenty or thirty men were crowded. They were cutting the thinnest of gold leaf into symmetrical squares and placing these squares between thin paper. The ragged edges were cut into fine scraps and bundled up to use for plating. A breath of air in the place would have scattered these tiny pieces all over the shop.

We then visited a tobacco shop and saw the brown leaves as they came in from the country. A woman sat and picked the fibre from the leaves. It was all cut into pieces and then packed into a press. Two little boys, apprentices, worked this primitive piece of machinery. It could hardly be called machinery. They simply jumped on a log that acted as a lever and drove the boards together which formed the press.

To make the bricks as hard as rocks they worked a windlass by means of log levers. They stood on the far end and, hanging by little ropes from the ceiling, jumped up and down. The bricks after coming from the press were shaved finely. Baskets of powdered camelia seed with which the tobacco is diluted are exposed to view, no attempt being made to conceal the deception. Everything was brown in the shop

—the rags that the sturdy-looking boys were wearing, the floor, the logs and planks, the very bodies of the workers. At the front of the shop the tobacco is on sale in packages of varying sizes and likewise the silver water-pipes which are so popular among the Chinese.

Next, we visited a long, narrow, winding street filled with bamboo. We seemed to be stepping into an harbour of dried bamboo trees, whose branches met in a solid roof at the top. Brooms, baskets, ropes, fish nets, wheelbarrow yokes, buckets and cups. There was hemp, too, and some coarse *shau-pu* cloth made from that. The street was about two city blocks long. And the ink-shops, too, were interesting with their fascinating sticks of ink, which are decorated with dragons and horses and men and women, and we learned that the ink was manufactured from the soot of burned pine trees, mixed with a substance made from cow's hoofs and horns.

Camphor wood is one of the biggest products of the territory, boats being made of it and all the images in the temples being carved from it.

Nanchang is evidently situated in the centre of one of the richest districts of China. Rice fields surround the city, and the hills at the back furnish the camphor and bamboo, and are rich in minerals. A company operated for gold in the Western Hills at one time and made a fair profit until the officials learned of it and "squeezed" it out of existence. Since then the minerals have remained untouched.

It seems strange that such a thriving metropolis should be hidden away in the hills, with access to it only by slow boat over Poyang lake or by a most uncom-



fortable little train which travels there and back daily. Perhaps it is due to this inaccessibility that it is so contented, peaceful and prosperous. At the West Gate, guarding the entrance to the city, is an old pagoda, topped by a golden ball. This ball guards the scholars of the city and, if it should ever fall, no more scholars would come out of Nanchang. The structure that supports it is so old that it seems ready to tumble down, and no one is allowed to ascend its tortuous steps, but still it stands, beautiful against the evening sky, its golden ball untarnished as if to prove the truth of the avowal of the Chinese, that it is pure gold.

In the centre of the city is East Lake. The island upon it is named "The Isle of a Hundred Flowers," and here, long ages ago, a hermit dwelt for many years until he was sought out and found to be a weary official in hiding, when, suddenly as he appeared, he vanished again.

Camphor wood boats ply slowly over the lake between the lotus lily pads that are beginning now to grow abundant, and in these days of the dragon festival the waters will be scattered with rice because legend tells of a good man drowned and rice scattered upon the water to keep the fishes from the body.

Despite Nanchang's peaceful history, in the riot of 1906 Mr. and Mrs. Kingham, Plymouth Brethren missionaries, were mistaken for Roman Catholics and killed by the Chinese who were angered because it was said Catholics had interfered with the administration of native law. Dr. Ida Kahn, a Chinese physician well-known in China, conducts a hospital for women and children in Nanchang. We called to see her and



she decided that we should go to the Buddhist nunnery. "You see, I haven't been there for several years," she said (you could shut your eyes and believe that Dr. Mary Stone was talking)—"and I will take some tea and some sweets, and, of course, they will be glad to see us."

So we went out beyond the pagoda and saw a new product of Nanchang, acres and acres of grave-mounds, and came to the nunnery which has been there nobody knows how long. The sisters came out in their grey gowns with the nine burnings showing plainly upon their shaved heads, and entertained us by showing us the temple, serving us a vegetarian lunch, and exhibiting the coffins—60 of them—which contain the bodies of people who died in Nanchang and are now waiting to be taken to their old homes for burial. Each coffin has a little room of its own, which rents for two dollars a month. It is a gruesome sight. But there are not many foreigners in Nanchang. It is a very conservative city and does not believe in "The Open Door."





On the Han River



The Bund at Hankow

*To Face Page 55*

## CHAPTER X

### HANKOW, THE WONDER-CITY OF CHINA

HANKOW lies at the centre of railroads and waterways. The Pehan Railway is a link with the north, the Han River is like a huge cornucopia pouring the riches of the north-west into her lap, from the west comes the romantic trade of Szechuan, from the south across Tungting Lake and by the railway from Changsha, which is stretching out towards Canton, come the mineral and forest products of Hunan, and the outlet to the east is by the great Yangtze Kiang to the port of Shanghai. Thus natural conditions balance themselves against the unstable affairs of to-day and make the future worth while waiting for.

It was tea and silk that started Hankow just as the rest of the Valley was opened up by the rich possibilities of the two trades. But these luxuries were not enough to justify the growth of a great mart of trade and the real boom began in the later nineties. Hankow has "muck and truck" to thank for the progress she has made and the position she has every right to command in China's business.

So it is that trade reports of to-day read differently from those of some years ago and include in their lists of exports such articles as sesamum seed, bristles, goat skins, beans, vegetable tallow, beancake, raw cotton, bones, hides of all kinds and by-products made from them.

Goat skins have increased greatly as an export during the last ten years. During war years, the

demand for these skins was so great that those who held a monopoly in Hankow demanded two dollars gold per pound for them. Speculators in New York were forced to sell at a price lower than that at which they were purchased, not to mention costs of transportation.

One of the great industries of Hankow is press-packing. The huge cement godowns, with the winding stairs by which coolie labour mounts to the top, and the tanks upon the top feeding automatic sprinklers, are among the structures first noticed by the traveller to Hankow. Incidentally, the automatic sprinklers, only lately installed, have greatly lessened the frequency of fires in the cotton godowns.

The area immediately surrounding Hankow is level and cultivated as truck-gardens. Farther away and nearer the Han river there is hilly country and the northern slopes of these ridges are cultivated with wheat and the south slopes with rice. In a country that is traditionally and historically rice-growing, China still has the largest wheat-consuming population in the world. The bran is fed to animals and much of it is shipped to Japan to be used in the manufacture of beer.

There is great need for intensive farming. A look at the country leads one to believe that it is intensively farmed, but in reality much could be done to increase the yield of crops by scientific improvement. Deforestation, coupled with prevalent floods, works destruction and allows the normal moisture of the soil to be lost. There is no selection of seed or improvement of methods in harvesting or in packing in the country districts. It is common enough to see



cotton dropping out of the shapeless torn bags that have come in from the country, strewing the streets with its fleecy softness or afloat on the river—and this at a time when the southern farmers of America are getting forty cents a pound for the raw product.

This lack of science and improvement, hand in hand with pretty general prosperity among the farmers, goes to prove the wealth of the country and the advantage of Hankow's position geographically. Along the banks of the Han river and in the cities of Wuchang and Hanyang there are bean mills, flour mills, cotton spinning and weaving factories, iron and steel works, a huge cigarette factory where native leaf tobacco is used, silk filatures, factories for weaving cloth from ramie, match factories, etc. Transhipments of medicines from Szechuan, zinc and manganese ore from Hunan increase the prosperity of the port in normal times and who knows what wealth has been made and is constantly being gathered from the illicit trade in opium ?

The traveller up river, no matter how much he has been told of the size and beauty of this port which lies 640 miles from the sea, is quite unprepared for the length of beautiful bund which fronts the concessions of Hankow, wide and clean and lined with trees, or for the appearance of the big white buildings facing the water. The Hongkong & Shanghai Bank is easily the most beautiful of all. It and the International Bank, which towers above the former and stands out from them all to one who views Hankow as his ship steams up to the wharf, were erected in 1920. Of the newer buildings, the Russo-Asiatic Bank is the old-

est and it is still one of the finest. In the same block is the fine building belonging to Reiss & Co. Customs headquarters are temporarily in the Hongkong & Shanghai Bank building, but work is in progress on a set of buildings to be erected on the old Customs' site at the very end of the Bund near the spot where Butterfield & Swire have their offices.

Away at the opposite end of the Bund is the beautiful old German Consulate building which Chinese labour is busily repairing and preparing for the future.

At approximately the centre of the length of bund is the British Consulate compound where a tall flagpole flies the Union Jack.

The native city of Hankow is dirty and crowded, and was built without plan or forethought. It was totally burned to the ground in 1911. Officials were then urged to take the opportunity of rebuilding with some system, making the streets wide and straight, and erecting proper houses. There was hope for a time of accomplishing that under foreign supervision, but the greed of the officials overbalanced their public spirit and to-day the city is worse, if anything, than before.

Throughout the summer of 1921, the city was distracted with the fear engendered by frequent looting raids of bandits up and down the river. Natives were to be seen crowding through the gates into the concessions carrying their baggage or sending it before them on a coolie's back, their faces worried and sad. Men, women and children were seeking safety, the coolies charging them outlandish prices for their labour,

foreign firms charging them still more outlandish prices for the use of their godowns in which to store their boxes, bundles and bags.

But as one goes riding through the streets of the concessions in a ricscha or in one of Hankow's queer conglomerate collection of motor cars, one is impressed with a sense of relief, a kind of peace and rest that might come with a visit to a clean homeland, a relaxation from a habit of tensing the muscles against the sights and smells of China. There are, or were, five concessions in Hankow: the British, the French, the Japanese, the Russian and the German. The German has become the First and the Russian has become the Second Administrative District. The Americans live throughout the French and Russian districts. Riding through the Russian concession, one is often greeted by the pleasant fragrance of tea leaves issuing from the factories that thrust themselves up like old fortresses along the way.

The British Consul and Municipal Council operate very efficiently throughout their own concession with a Volunteer Fire Department, a police force, and an exceptionally fine Health Department. The Health Department has so successfully rid their section of mosquitoes as to make it the envy of all the others. Other nationals have their consuls and each concession has its own police force and volunteer fire department.

The crown of Hankow is her race club. Without it the foreign women of the community would find no relief from the excessive heat of summer; without it the men would grow fat and lazy and the city would resolve itself into gossiping and gossip-creating circles.

But it is impossible to imagine Hankow without the Race Club. It is the centre of everything. It is very nearly unique. Where else in the world can you find a Club supported by so many different nationals and offering so many different sports and amusements? There is polo and horse racing, clay-pigeon shooting, swimming and tennis, bowling, golf, cricket and baseball, dancing—in the winter over the swimming bath, in the summer in the large drawing room just off the verandah—and there is an orchestra which furnishes classical music part of the afternoon and dance music in the later hours and whose Sunday afternoon concerts are well worth hearing.

The Club is approached by a long shady drive which seems to transport you from China to the Homeland. Every day the parking grounds are filled with motor-cars, French and British and American makes, interspersed with types one never saw or heard of. In the hot days of summer everyone is in the swimming bath. The water is purified by violet rays and is constantly being changed and is also analysed microscopically by the physicians of the port.

From the bath, one can go out upon the bowling green or the tennis courts, or on to the verandahs and lawns that are constantly filled with colourful groups of people who are one and all grateful and appreciative and proud of this beautiful haven of comparative coolness from the stifling heat of the Yangtze valley.



## CHAPTER XI

### HANYANG, THE HINGE OF THE THREE CITIES

JUST where the Han river flows into the Yangtze, behind a forest of masts, lies the city of Hanyang, spread out at the foot of Tortoise Hill and hanging over the edge of the two rivers that form its southern and eastern boundaries. A point of great strategic importance—far more so than either Hankow or Wuchang—it seems to form a hinge between the two cities and yet command them. Any army that could hold the hill which overlooks the crowded shacks of the city would be in a position of great power—the Yangtze could be commanded in both directions and the Han River held, thus controlling the food supplies that come in such abundance from the north-western districts. For, though the broad sweep of the Yangtze—a mile wide at that point—seems to make the narrow, crowded mouth of the Han look small and insignificant, yet it is an artery of commerce by which junks bring down Chinese products in great abundance in exchange for foreign imports. In the interior, drained by the Han, there are not only missionary stations but American and British representatives of great oil, tobacco and sugar firms.

In 1911, when Yuan Shi-kai's army came through the Race Club at Hankow, mowed down the Hunan army with its machine-guns, and then crossed the river and captured Hanyang, the possession of Wuchang by the Republican army lost its value. That incident alone proved the importance of the hill. In



the Taiping time, it was captured again and again. Now, the Chinese officials seem to realize its value well, for they will not allow the most innocent visitor to mount the hill, nor will they permit him to go into the arsenal, which is working overtime, at the expense of some Chinese general, in turning out its weapons.

It was in Hanyang that the Rev. W. Arthur Cornaby, who understood so much about less well-known parts of China and Chinese life, lived and worked for so many years. The city itself is low, the streets are slimy with the dirty water slopped from the buckets of the water coolies. In high water time, these streets are often flooded.

Beyond the city and farther up the Han are the great Hanyang Iron and Steel Works so well-known in China and in other countries too. We went with the manager, Mr. Z. T. K. Woo, through the works. We walked inside the huge blast furnaces which are waiting now for repairs and saw the bellows-like top which holds the ore and the coke and the flux within its expanded sides, seamed and brown, down to the narrower cylinder at the bottom, pierced with holes for the outlet of melted iron. Outside, lining the railway, are piles and piles of coke and limestone and ore.

Beyond the railway, we went into rooms where huge engines were heating air for the blast furnaces. Here all sensations were drowned in noise. Then on again to the platform which overlooks the blast furnaces which are in use now. Here one sees the iron—real lava—pouring out in seething waves over the edge of an embankment into a huge cauldron. We waited there until the iron was ready to be released from the

blast furnace. A man pushed and prodded the opening with a long iron until, in a burst of blinding brilliance, it rushed forth, heating the air all around, throwing off yellow sparks in every direction and seeking its pathway down the canals that had been laid for it and on into innumerable forms. It was a sight to watch breathlessly. When all the forms were filled, the "blowing out" took place. The result was a gorgeous display of fireworks and then the hole was closed with sand and mud. With a shrill whistling, the process was ended for another few hours.

Marvelling, we commented on the confidence of the Chinese who worked so familiarly with this white-hot substance. To that, Mr. Woo answered, "The Chinese are not really cowards. They are afraid of the torture and persecution that has been the history of Chinese officialdom, but they are not cowards."

Riding on an elevator which was accustomed to transporting wheel-barrow loads of ore and coke, we went to the very top of a blast furnace where the great lid was lifted automatically to allow the piled-up materials to slide down into the burning mass below. Whenever the lid came up, a volume of gas came out great enough, it seemed, to asphyxiate the workmen in close range. From the platform above the furnace, one can look down upon the crowded river below and upon the great watery province behind where all streams run toward the Yangtze.

After coming down from this high point we wandered through the steel works where we viewed the boiling, spluttering, mass of whiteness through a piece of blue glass; there were huge blocks of steel

being rolled out and chopped into proper lengths for rails ; and in the foundry steel was being poured into moulds of all shapes and sizes.

Mr. Woo explained that as this was the only iron and steel works in China, it was expected to supply every size and description of bolt, nut and screw, and that many of the moulds which had to be made were only used for one order. "That," he said, "is just *one* of the difficulties which confronts a pioneer works."

There is much talk concerning the new works which are to be erected at Tayeh. Tayeh is 60 *li* down the river and it is from there that the iron ore for the Hanyang works is obtained. The latter works are not in a favourable economic position, as they are placed between their sources of supply rather than at one end or the other, which latter position would cut the cost of the shipment of cargo in half. As it is, coke is brought from Pinghsiang in Kiangsi province, through Hunan to Hanyang. The Hunan Government extorts a ridiculous revenue in return for the right to carry the coke inside the boundaries of its state.

The ore, then, comes from Tayeh and after manufacture, goes down the river again—a double trip ! The Tayeh works, which are planned to be the equal of any in the world, will find many of these obstacles eliminated—but not the Japanese obstacle.

Years ago, the Chinese Government secured a loan from Japan and used the Hanyang Iron Works as security. They then made a contract to supply pig iron to Japan at a certain low rate indefinitely. Since the Great War the price of iron has risen



Hanyang Iron Works



Hanyang's Forest of Masts

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tremendously of course, with the result that Hanyehping has continued to lose steadily through a contract made by short-sighted men. Moreover, the terms of Group III of the Twenty-one Demands, if enforced to their fullest power, would actually prevent any foreigner other than Japanese or Chinese from opening up any mines in all the region about Hanyang, about the Pinghsiang coal mine and the Tayeh iron mines ! They have already made the Hanyehping company, which is Chinese, co-operative with the Japanese, with the latter holding the balance of control—a clause which simply excludes all nationals except the Japanese from entering into industrial development about this part of the Yangtze, which has long been known as the sphere of British influence !

The Hanyang Iron Works has greatly improved the condition of their workmen and also, as a result, the condition of the women of that district. The Y.M.C.A., which works in conjunction with the same organization in Hankow, is doing progressive work in Hanyang. Rest rooms for the workmen, good living conditions, and all the things that go with a Y.M.C.A. are offered.

Going back from Hanyang to Hankow in a launch belonging to the Hanyehping company, threading our way through the throngs of sail boats and sampans, we had a last impression—this time of wasted labour. These few launches which carry passengers to and from the iron works give the only efficient service obtainable between the two cities. All other travel is by sailing boat or by half-seaworthy launches. They are crowded with Chinese and very slow, particularly during high

water season. And the Han could so easily be spanned by a bridge, with probably a small proportion of the money which is now being expended at the arsenal through the petty jealousies of China's generals !

## CHAPTER XII

### WUCHANG—THE SURE FOUNDATION OF A DREAM

THE future is a thing of dreams, of hopes, and of imaginings. But always they must be based on something, if they become speculations.

Standing on Serpent Hill which cuts Wuchang in half, one can see that this dream of the Three Great Cities is based on something sure and enduring. To the right of one, facing the river, are the imposing buildings of Boone University holding within them the most dynamic force of Wuchang in the persons of its students. In front, and very near, too, the smoke stacks of the hemp and cotton mills thrust themselves between the sweeping river and the vision of the onlooker. Beneath his very feet is the tunnel which cuts through the ridge and saves many thousands of steps for weary feet, and behind and to the left, old China exists as she did thousands of years ago, behind the Flower Hill and its hillside gardens the pagoda overlooking ancient tombs.

Great provinces to the north, the south and especially to the west, are pouring their resources into the central port made by the Wuhan cities. Since foreign business first entered China, great things have been prophesied for these cities and never, in any instance, have they failed their prophet. No amount of temporary business depression can dim the truth of that.

The Wuchang side may, perhaps, be said to have the greatest hope of all. Hankow is cramped for

room to spread out. She is being strangled by the sides of the triangle that form her boundaries—the railway embankment, the Han river and the Yangtze Kiang. Beyond the railway (which is the only hope for future development) speculators have bought up the land and refuse to let it go at reasonable prices. It is low-lying, also, and would require expensive elevating. There is enough anti-foreign feeling among the Chinese, too, to cause agitation every time the concessions seek to expand.

But Wuchang is quite different. Walking along the wall which skirts the hillside gardens, one sees stretching out away south into the distance, the railway to Changsha. Already it is talked of as a trunk line by which to link the north with the south, to which feeders may come from many districts bearing many products.

Near the head of the railway, there is ample room for growth. And there is deep water within a short distance from the railway head, which makes transshipping conditions unequalled. The Hankow side is being steadily silted up. There is more reason to picture deep-draught steamers berthing at Wuchang in the future than to expect them to continue in the old way. One needs only the thought of the railway link to the south and that of easy transshipment from Hankow, to picture a mart of trade lying on the right bank of the Yangtze which might rival any other in the world. That is the future. Now what of the past ?

Wuchang is and has been for many years, the centre of things political. It was one of the largest bases of the Hunan Volunteer Army which eventually

overthrew the Taipings. Years later, under the idealistic rule of Viceroy Chang Chih-tung, the city branched out commercially and grew and prospered. It is the city which is known as the cradle of the revolution and it was until a year ago the seat of power of the third super-Tuchun of China and so bids fair to take an active part in whatever upheaval is forthcoming in the unreadable future. So it is that Wuchang plays her part as the political factor in the tripartite cities.

Viceroy Chang Chih-tung, of pre-Republican days, was a man of strange personality—an impractical dreamer, possessed of the spirit of the reformer and promotor, but without either the stability to stick to one thing or the foresight to fit his plans with conditions. When he decided to start the iron and steel mills at Hanyang he sent an order to England for blast furnaces. The manufacturers wrote back for a sample of the ore. They manufactured two types of plant, each suitable to a distinct type of ore. But as Chang Chih-tung had not as yet found the ore he could not send a sample. He insisted, however, on having the plant, and one was finally sent out. But it was not of the type suitable for the ore later discovered ! One can see these furnaces to-day at the Hanyang Iron Works. They have been turned upside down and are being used in another capacity than that for which they were intended !

Chang Chih-tung was essentially a man of hobbies. In Canton, where he was Viceroy prior to being sent to Wuchang, it was schools. He sent for foreign instructors and began preparing for their arrival. Suddenly, he was transferred to Wuchang. When the foreign professors



arrived, there was no post for them, since in China no new ruler ever carries out his predecessor's plans. The story is told of one of these—a professor of law, who resented having made a useless trip to China, who wrote to Chang Chih-tung asking him where he would find his employment. The Viceroy wrote back—and asked the professor of law whether he knew anything about planting mulberries! The Viceroy was at that time embarked on his new hobby—the cultivation of silkworms.

It is said that this energetic man was never really wealthy, since his hobbies were a great drain on his purse, but that yet he was never in want. The story of his resource is also characteristic. He had several boxes sealed with the official seal. They were very heavy boxes and they were never opened. Whenever he was in need of funds, these went to the pawn shop and the Viceroy received great sums of money. Always they were redeemed and later pawned again. But it was whispered that there was nothing in them more valuable than bricks!

He had a plan for doing away with the Japanese invading army in '94. He was going to build traps at Peitaiho and Chinwangtao for the Japs to fall into as they landed!

All this is not by way of belittling the accomplishments of Viceroy Chang Chih-tung. He made some very real improvements and started industries that have played a large part in the development of Wuchang. He built two museums—one for foreign articles, one for Chinese—that were the marvel of all who saw them. The fact that he had a secretary like Ku Hung-ming, who brought forth the priceless "Papers

from a Viceroy's Yamên," is enough to put him on the pages of history for ever. And, in spite of being anti-foreign, he brought in much western training wherever he could.

To prove his industrial energies, there are the cotton mills. The Hupeh Government Cotton Mill, which he started, has been running for about 30 years and during the last few years has been so successful that dividends have averaged nearly 100 per cent. This is without foreign supervision and the yarn turned out is of the best in China. About 8,000 workmen are employed and besides their salary, which amounts to only six or seven hundred cash a day, they receive a handsome amount at the end of each year in bonuses. The present general manager of this mill is also the chairman of the Wuchang Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Hsu Yung-ting, one of the finest citizens of the district.

The cotton mills, all together, comprise the biggest, most successful industry of Wuchang and one which is, in fact, growing to increasingly greater proportions in Wu-han. The Hankow Dee Yee Cotton Mill, with 40,000 spindles and 500 looms is just being completed and is, possibly, the most up-to-date mill in China to-day. This is the mill that the traveller first sees to his left as he comes up the river to Hankow. They are large, prosperous-looking, redbrick buildings. There are two other cotton mills in Hankow that are in the process of erection. Deliveries on machinery are slow but the companies are enterprising. The Chen Huan buildings are already erected, the Yu Hwa buildings are going up and the company which owns

the Dee Yee Mill has ordered machinery for a second Hankow mill to have the capacity of 40,000 spindles.

Politically, Wuchang is very much the centre of things. History has always found it so and history is likely to repeat itself in this instance. Its growing commercial importance will only serve to strengthen it as the centre of things political. Therefore it behoves all eyes to be turned toward Wuchang, the greatest in possibilities of the Wuhan triumvirate cities.

## CHAPTER XIII

### WUCHANG AFTER THE STORM

It was a fortunate or unfortunate circumstance, as you please to look at it, that we arrived in Hankow the day following the looting and burning of Wuchang by Tuchun Wang Chan-yuan's most trusted troops. The occurrence followed closely on the heels of the Ichang pillage, indeed, just after the Ichang looters had arrived in Wuchang on the str. *Kweilee*. Whether this group of bandits had anything to do with instigating the riot or not was unknown. They were not known to have taken part. The cause of the pillage of Wuchang was the discontent among the troops of Tuchun Wang in regard to payment. They had been accustomed to receive an extra monthly allowance of two dollars and when this was taken away from them on account of the Tuchun's supposed own shortage of allowance from the Central Government, trouble resulted. Even Governor Wang's own bodyguard were inclined to mutiny when fighting began outside the yamên, but it is reported that the Governor himself trained a machine-gun upon them, threatening to kill them all for their disloyalty. However, there were not enough troops remaining loyal to drive the looters from the city, who were evidently well organized, and a wholesale massacre was only prevented when Tuchun Wang granted the bandits unhampered exit from the city with whatever loot they had collected, only requiring the giving up of their weapons. The short-

sightedness of the policy of accepting such terms, from the standpoint of the looter, was proved later, when a trainload of them were mown down by the 4th Division at Siaokan, without the opportunity of firing a single shell in return. The total loss resulting from the pillage of Wuchang on this occasion was estimated at 30,000,000 taels. The area most seriously affected was that in which the mint, the various banks, and the silver and gold-shops stood.

To visit a looted city shortly after the event is the only adequate way of gaining any idea of what it is like, except, of course, actually to be present during the pillage, which is less comfortable.

Though the streets were fairly well cleaned up of the bodies of victims and little piles of straw filled with incense were being burned to clarify the atmosphere, yet here and there a headless body was still lying exposed as an example to wrongdoers. The townspeople were careful to remove their own dead as quickly as possible but to allow those of the looters to remain without "a decent burial" for a longer period. We counted the smouldering remains of 40 shops which had lined the principal street. They were so completely razed to the ground that it was barely possible to make out the division of a wall between each. In spite of a heavy rain, smoke was still rising from the masses of *debris* and shattered remains of building materials. Boys and men were busily engaged in raking over the ashes in a hunt for what might be found of some value. Small good it did them as anyone discovered in the possession of loot was executed without mercy later on.





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An Upper Yangtze Steamer



We visited many shops which had not been burned but which were in a sad mess of wreckage. These had been entirely despoiled of their goods. The shelves were absolutely bare and the plate glass fronts were, in every case, broken into tiny pieces, and the apertures boarded up. At the rear of one mass of ruins a poor old woman was attempting to make some sort of home by boarding off a corner. The would-be floor was a pile of boards and mortar and *débris* of all kinds.

The principal buildings looted were the Provincial Bank which was burned afterwards, the Mint, and the Provincial Assembly Hall, where the safes were broken into. The residence of members of the Provincial Assembly was also attacked. Many large jewellery shops were looted, several restaurants and pawn shops were also pillaged. Whenever a private home was entered, the women's jewels were taken and in case resistance was offered, the hinderers of the bandits' progress were killed with no compunction.

The ferries crossing from Wuchang to Hankow were busy all the following day carrying the frightened inhabitants away from the scene of destruction who fled carrying what baggage they had towards the foreign settlement across the way for safety. And all day long sampans could be seen floating down the river filled with loot and even with soldiers with bags of riches upon their knees.

The streets of Wuchang were being guarded by soldiers whose discontent at their own poverty-stricken lot in contra-distinction to their escaped comrades, showed plainly upon their faces. During the entire raid of the town, four Chinese gunboats and

two cruisers were lying off one of the city gates, but they made no attempt to keep order.

Retribution to the looters, though slow in coming, appeared finally in full vengeance. On the night of June 8, the pillage of Wuchang having occurred the night before, a trainload of them were proceeding northward on the Peking-Hankow Railway. Acting upon orders which were wired ahead by Tuchun Wang Chan-yuan, the train was run onto a siding at Siaokan station and disconnected from the locomotive which proceeded ahead. The train was immediately surrounded by troops of the 4th Division armed with rifles and a plentiful supply of machine-guns. A perfect torrent of bullets was released upon the train, simply slaughtering the looters who were packed tightly inside. No escape was possible and, according to the report of an eye-witness of the scene of the butchery shortly after the event, "the train was riddled with bullet holes, the even rows of which were clear indication of being the result of machine-gun fire. From the holes and from the doorways of the cars blood was dripping profusely, while inside dead bodies were piled upon one another as they had fallen. Along the embankment outside there were also a great number of dead, some lying singly and others in knots of as many as eight or ten. . . . Not far from the siding a number of soldiers were engaged in digging a large trench grave for the ultimate disposal of the corpses." The number of dead estimated as having been actually seen was 350.

## CHAPTER XIV

### YOCHOW, THE STORM-BEATEN GATEWAY TO HUNAN

YOCHOW stands at the gateway to Hunan—and suffers all the troubles of a gatekeeper. When the Taipings failed to capture Changsha in 1852, they had better success with the less-protected Yochow and wreaked their vengeance there. The port also had its share of trouble during the Yangtze riots of the nineties. Just as Hunan has always been in the lime-light in all movements of any kind throughout China, Yochow has been the unnoted sufferer. For forty years Hunan dominated the empire. The Hunanese have been the stalwart braves, the scholars, the diplomats. When foreigners finally entered the province, after many years in which they had been successfully shut out, Yochow was the preliminary port of entrance—and they came in large numbers and under the protection of Viceory Chang Chih-tung, for the Hunanese were distinctly anti-foreign. Nineteen hundred and eleven found the Hunanese the strength of the Revolutionaries. Sadly enough, the very hope of the new republic was destroyed when the army of Hunan braves was massacred by the Imperialist machine-guns.

And since then, Yochow has been looted again and again. Governor Chang Chin-yao reduced the city to poverty in 1920 by allowing his soldiers to plunder at will, at the same time that he (the Governor of the province) was sending out of Hunan shipload after shipload of rice to be sold for his own profit.



In June, 1920, an American citizen, Mr. Reimert, was murdered in cold blood as he stood in the gateway of the mission compound, in an effort to protect Chinese refugee women who had fled there. Yochow's story in the later days is a tale of constant plunder and outrage. Now its very poverty should be its best protection. And so it would have been had it not been so unfortunately near the frontier line between Hunan and Hupeh in 1921. Having ceased to be a tempting morsel for loot-lusty soldiers, it became a frontier battleground.

Your up-river steamer calls at Chengling. This is just around the bend from Yochow. Yochow's foreign population live mostly at Chengling. Upon the top of the hill is the Commissioner's house. A sloping bank leads to the water's edge. Below is the wharf and the Customs office. The water level of the river is plainly marked outside on a large white board. The day on which our steamer arrived, a bonfire at the back of the buildings sent up yellow-reddish flames—just a few thousand dollars' worth of opium going up in smoke. The steamer only pauses long enough to take on and discharge whatever passengers there are. In a few minutes around the bend you come upon Yochow, on the eastern bank of Tungting Lake. Knowing its story, you can read into its appearance, an impression of spiritlessness and despondency.

But Yochow has its brighter side in history. In the old days, the very best bamboo grew in the hills at the back of the city. Across the way the island of Kuinshan became celebrated for its rare green tea. The tea and the bamboo were cultivated for the

Imperial court of Peking. On the island is to be found the memorial stone erected to the memory of the two wives of Emperor Shun (1200 B.C.) who drowned themselves in their own tears at their grief over their husband's death.

For Yochow is claimed the honour of being near the spot from which the legend which the dragon festival commemorates is supposed to have come. Emperor Chü Yuan believed that of all the world he alone was good. He told his troubles to a friend who advised him to be wicked also so that he might thus reduce his solitude. But Chü Yuan could not bring himself to do that and finally, in the despair caused by his own goodness, he clasped a large stone and jumped into the lake. So now on the 5th day of the fifth moon, all the little paper boats go out on the lake carrying lanterns to light the drowned soul of Chü Yuan on its way.

Even more modern Hunan has its tale of a good man. What would Emperor Chü Yuan think, if he could look back now on Feng Yu-hsiang, the Christian general who seems as alone in his goodness as any Chinese General could be? Feng Yu-hsiang in recent years held southern Hunan and made of the district around Changteh a model territory. He leads his soldiers in prayer, requires them to attend church service, conducts revivals much after the manner of Stonewall Jackson, confessing his own sins in public prayer-meeting with his soldiers. He has an army of men who neither steal nor persecute innocent civilians, and, moreover, do not indulge in personal vices such as gambling, cigarette smoking and the like. Their

spare time is occupied in such innocent amusements as gossiping and gymnastics.

Each culprit who is caught smoking a cigarette is made to stand in a circle marked out upon the ground and wear about his neck a cigarette—the brand of his dishonour—while his more virtuous comrades take the opportunity to laugh him to scorn.

General Feng always manages somehow to get his soldiers paid regularly. He at one time held up a train and seized \$200,000 belonging to the Bank of China ; paid his soldiers with \$100,000 ; returned the remainder and wired his apologies to the Bank explaining that these measures were necessary in order to keep his soldiers from mutiny. The country around Changteh had been so admirably ordered while these northern troops under their eccentric leader were there that it was the envy of all the country. When they finally were taken north in 1920 to engage in frontier warfare, there was a great scramble among all the soldier bands to get into this rich territory which had remained so long unlooted. Feng Yu-hsiang's very figure is commanding—tall and bony, well built ; he is absolutely serious ; nor does he stand on the street corners and thank God that he is not a sinner.

Yochow was at one time a port of some importance for the transshipment of materials from interior Hunan. But since Changsha became a treaty port and the railway from Wuchang extended to that city, Yochow has lost much of her former importance. Steamer traffic is only possible in the summer to these ports. There are wood oil and minerals and camphor to be brought out. But Yochow figures only slightly in that trade now.

The most picturesque cargoes which pass the neglected port of entrance to Hunan are the great timber rafts that move slowly toward the Yangtze from Kueichow by the Yüan river and from West or East Lake in Hunan by the many rivers that cut that province. Upon these rafts whole villages of people live, carrying on the every-day tasks of life exactly as though they were on shore. A huge sweep, like a telegraph pole, sticks out at the back and is used to navigate this clumsy craft. As huge as these rafts look above the water, they appear small in comparison with their real size for they are proportioned like an iceberg, with huge tiers of logs beneath. The ratio is about three to eleven, so that there is not quite four times as much below as above.

These rafts are built in varying sizes. For instance, a raft 280 feet in length may be 110 feet across and 22 feet from deck to keel. The centre pin is made of camphor wood as is also the capstan on the bow of the raft. It is because of the great weight beneath the water that these boat-villages are so difficult to navigate and that steamers must exercise great care in passing them.

Coming into Tungting Lake opposite Yochow, we passed many of these rafts. Children were playing at the water's edge. We could see the chickens and pigs seemingly as much at home there as on land. The day's washing was placed to dry—in blue patches on the matshed houses. The crew, which sometimes numbers a hundred men, were working at the great *yuloh*. Women at their work—drawing water, pounding clothes—were at the same time caring for the children.

Yochow is a looker-on at all this. But it is not fair to say that its days of usefulness are past. What city of whatever promise could survive the lootings and massacres that Yochow has suffered ? Perhaps when a new *régime*, which fulfils its promises, comes into power, Yochow will prove itself worthy of its position. For it is served by the railway which is reaching southward to Canton and stands in a position of great importance at the head of Tungting Lake as a port of entrance to rich Hunan.



## CHAPTER XV

### CHANGSHA

CHANGSHA is like a city in the clouds. Uninspired guide books say that Yolushan, the pine-covered peak across the river, is only 800 feet above the sea. But standing on the ridge which joins that mount with those beyond, one sees tiny lakes that mirror the slopes above, catches glimpses of green valleys between distant ridges—away back over the watershed—and traces with one's eyes the winding course of the great Siang, swelling to its unaccustomed volume of water, all of which gives the impression of great altitude. The character of the tall pines heightens the impression and the misty atmosphere momentarily breaks into rainfall.

The city of Changsha lies spread out along the opposite bank of the Siang, the smokestacks of her antimony and zinc smelting works forming grotesque outlines above the roofs of crowded houses. Behind the smoking stacks, a sister ridge of hills rises as a background and protection to the city. At the northern end of the city the red roofs of the Hunan-Yale College of Medicine lying in more open spaces is distinguishable.

This inland metropolis lies fifty miles south of the southern tip of Tungting Lake. One sees silvery streams which flow toward Changsha from the farthest limits of the watery province of Hunan, making this city its economic centre. Of all the eighteen provinces of China, a country better watered than any in the world, Hunan is the most abundantly supplied with

rivers. There are the three great rivers, the Yuan, the Tsu Shui, and the Siang, the largest of these being the Siang, upon which Changsha is built. The Siang makes its way, broad and deep, carrying large river steamers and launch, junk and raft traffic to the great Tungting Lake, where all the rivers join to empty later into the Yangtze Kiang. Tungting Lake covers an area of nearly 4,000 square miles. In crossing it one sees vast expanses of water, dotted with islands and reefs all of which are intensely cultivated like the mainland.

From the topmost peak of Yolushan, one looks down upon the long, green island lying in the centre of the Siang River, where the foreigners of Changsha have made their homes. Glimpses may be caught of the red-tiled roofs among the trees, open spaces which are tennis courts or new building sites, and strips of white stone bunding. Often, when the Yangtze River is unusually high during the summer months and its overflowing waters dam the outlet of the Siang, the houses on the narrow island are so completely surrounded by water that sampans are poled to the front doors and are moored there, and every back-yard is a swimming bath.

The smoking stacks of the smelting works, so insistent a part of the bird's-eye-view picture, proclaim the richness of the hills which surround one, in range after range—the rice fields between and the grain-cultivated slopes hiding the minerals within. It is claimed that this district surpasses any other of like area in the world in the richness of its mineral deposit and that, though the smelting works turn out pig lead

and pure antimony and the cargo-ships carry out an average of over 200 tons daily of ore to be shipped to Belgium, France and Germany for smelting, the surface of this vast area is scarcely scratched. The local smelting works are only producing to half their capacity and the mines which feed them are practically undeveloped because of lack of capital. Silver and gold ore lie untouched in the hills. These same hills of Hunan are well forested and furnish lumber, wood and oil of excellent quality.

Yolushan affords a view of Changsha which reveals the beauty of its setting among the hills and waters of Hunan. A ride around the island affords more intimate glimpses of tropical verdure, groves of graceful bamboo, and intriguing steps and paths which lead from the water's edge into a tangle of foliage on the bank. Foreigners who follow the beaten paths of the railway to North China and of the Yangtze to West China escape the pleasure of a visit to these inland cities, which have a charm and surprise of their own. Changsha is coming constantly nearer, however, as the steamers increase in number and the railway schedule becomes more certain.

The Yale-Hunan College of Medicine has made the city of Changsha known in many parts of the world. It is one of the greatest accomplishments of foreigners in China. It is a monument to co-operative Chinese and foreign endeavour. Now, in the 16th year of its existence, the college occupies a site of 20 acres at the northern end of the city, employs a faculty of from 35 to 40 professors and instructors, teaches a student body of approximately 275, excluding the nurses in the train-

ing school, and possesses a most completely equipped group of laboratories and a very modern hospital of 150 beds.

In 1921, Yale in China was empowered by the Mother University to confer the same degrees as Yale University gives. On June 18, 1921, ten students received medical degrees and a larger number received Bachelor's degrees in arts and sciences. That day marked the culmination of the efforts and dreams of the pioneers of the Mission and it was also the dawn of new projects and schemes of larger growth. Seated upon the speaker's platform were not only the faculty of the College but the Chinese officials who represent Hunan's share in the medical school.

The romantic tale of the growth of Hunan-Yale begins with Mr. Lawrence Thurston, who came to China as the pathfinder and who died without so much as seeing the present site of the College, and continues with Dr. Brownell Gage and Mrs. Gage who began the academic work which has been directed by Dr. Gage to this day. Dr. E. H. Hume came to Changsha in 1905 and in 1906 a small piece of property was purchased in the city where the Collegiate school was actually opened. Across from that site, Dr. Hume set up and equipped his tiny dispensary—the beginning of the present hospital and medical school.

The enormity of the task of Dr. Hume, working singly against the odds of ignorance, superstition and pride, can hardly be imagined. The superstition of the people had to be overcome by slow, diplomatic, patient work and the death of one patient might have undone the work of years. The first death of a dis-



pensary patient occurred after a year of heart-breaking work and just as results were beginning to appear and plans were entertained for larger development. Thinking that the dispensary might be attacked by the dead man's relatives and friends, Dr. Hume asked for the protection of a Government guard. He then purchased a coffin for the dead man. The latter act served as a far better protection than the troops, for the gratitude of the family on seeing the coffin far outweighed superstition and fear. Instead of being the end of the work, this incident proved to be the beginning. For at the end of the year, a hospital was opened, Miss N. D. Gage, a Wellesley graduate, came out to nurse, the next year a permanent campus was secured and from that day to this the school has been in session, having continued throughout the Revolution of 1911 when every other school in the city was irregularly opened if at all.

The Hunan Provincial Government aids in the support of the College. In 1919, it gave approximately one-third of the total expenditure of the school. Upon the platform with other representative people of Changsha on that memorable day in 1921 sat Miss Tseng Kuo-fan who conducts a high school for girls in the buildings which first housed Yale-in-China. She is a graduate of London University and she stands for the modern education of China. She also represents the ancient Chinese learning of which Changsha was so proud, for she is the great granddaughter of Marquis Tseng Kuo-fan, scholar and warrior-hero, one of the two greatest Hunanese soldiers of the Taiping days.



Changsha is very proud of her history. One sees pride in the countenances of the sturdy Hunanese who are encountered in the city streets. Their heads are erect, their figures stalwart, their attitudes haughty.

In ancient history the name of Emperor Wu emerges from an obscure background. He was "the King of Changsha" in 202 B.C. His name was connected with all the movements of the time. He was conspicuous in the struggle for the Empire in the years between 210 and 206 B.C. He was of the Wu dynasty, which flourished for 45 years until a lack of heirs caused its extinction.

During the 2,000 years from that time to the middle of the 19th century, there slowly grew up in the Hunanese that self-confident hauteur which distinguishes them to-day. There were distinguished scholars to whom temples were erected, and these temples still stand in Changsha. They are carved with the autographs of great writers. There were also distinguished statesmen and that aptitude for statesmanship among them has continued, for, during the 1911 Revolution when the Manchu officials fled, Hunan was so well-governed by the gentry that the Republican Governors have never been able to regain absolute control.

During the Taiping Rebellion Changsha was besieged for 80 days by the rebels. Marquis Tseng Kuo-fan and his lieutenant Tso Tsung-tiang were the great heroes of the day. The city was first saved through an accident. The gates were standing wide open when the rebels approached, but they mistook a high gate-like

structure on the south-eastern angle of the city wall for the real entrance. On arriving there, they were confronted with the highest, most massive section of the entire wall. And though they laid siege for 80 days and actually twice succeeded in making a breach in the wall, they were finally defeated and forced to retreat.

## CHAPTER XVI

### SHASI—AND NEVER A LAW OF GOD OR MAN RUNS NORTH OF "53"

UP where the Yangtze bends back upon herself and takes a V-shaped course, she builds a high river-bed with the ever-shifting soil and often overflows into the surrounding lowland. At the left-hand top of the "V" lies the small, crowded city of Shasi, a poor, sad-looking jumble of wayside shacks, interspersed with isolated examples of foreign architecture. Most of the city lies twenty feet below the level of the river. At the back of it is marshy, low-lying country. Shasi seems to be slipped in at the bend as though great distances had demanded another roadside tavern and that were its only excuse for being. Flooded in the summer cold and low and damp in the winter, drab, unromantic, uneastern.

In the days before there were any treaty ports west of Hankow, or any steamers running on the Middle Yangtze, the importance of Shasi as a shipping port was far greater than to-day. For in those days the big Szechuan junks brought the wealth of West China all the way down to Shasi and there transhipped their cargo to Hupeh junks for Hankow. These Hupeh junks ran between Hankow and Shasi, sometimes by the short route *viâ* the canals and the Han River, and sometimes by the longer route following the curves and deviations of the Yangtze.

But the Shasi merchants lost this rich Chungking trade when steamers came to run between Hankow and

Ichang, where cargo could be conveniently transhipped between junk and steamer, thus eliminating the 90 miles of risk and delay and the extra taxation which the Szechuan junks might have to face between Ichang and Shasi.

The district round Shasi is much richer than that near Ichang, and the former port is far more advantageously situated as a distributing point for Western Hupeh. But this local trade is not to be compared with the vast volume of business coming to Ichang in consequence of its strategic commercial position as gateway to the great West and junction between the Middle and Upper Yangtze. Therefore, Shasi has sadly suffered and is now, in most years, despite the cotton trade, the least important commercially of the up-river treaty ports of the Yangtze.

Behind Shasi—an hour by chair—is the old Imperial city of Kingchow. In the old days it was a Manchu garrison city. Now it is an almost deserted ruin—without the splendour of a ruin. Here and there one sees the old Manchu type, but there is no story in his face but decadence. One realizes then that the Chinese who do survive the bad living conditions of their youth may be better specimens of manhood than the remaining Manchus who were carefully tended and protected in their infancy; and that the Chinese process of absorption of these “horse-riding, arrow-shooting, bird-raising” peoples is only a matter of time.

In ancient times, Kingchow was the centre of one of the Three Kingdoms, and it was held by the hero Kuan Yu, who is the most romantic figure of one of the most romantic epochs in Chinese history. He was a

man of great, almost abnormal, size and strength. What qualities of valour and personality he did not possess have been accredited to him through the drama and the novel. Almost every night throughout the country the story of Kuan Yu and the other members of a triple brotherhood is presented on the stage of the Chinese theatre.

A thousand years after his death (at the hands of Sun Chuan, who ruled the central Yangtze Kingdom), Kuan Yu was elevated to the status of "God of War." In Ichang, the temple to this god, over the south-eastern gate, is the best cared for in the city, because of the constant offerings made to him by the soldiers who follow his warlike, if not his honourable, example.

The history of Shasi records many disastrous floods. Records of the days of the Emperor Ch'ien Lung tell of a great flood in 1788, when the prefecture of Kingchow was inundated as a result of a break in the embankment of the Yangtze. Many lives were lost and much property destroyed. It was such a great calamity that stories of it are still current among the people. Later histories of Shasi floods are monotonous in their similarity and regularity. But the danger of a great disaster, surpassing all previous ones, seems imminent.

A dyke, 180 miles long, runs from Shasi nearly to Hankow. This dyke protects country which is lower than the Yangtze by as much as 20 feet at Shasi and which slopes steadily downward toward Hankow. Foolishly enough, the land which was used to build this dyke was taken from inland rather than from the





Submerged by the Ichang Floods



Opium Burning at Ichang

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river bed, thus increasing the bad condition which already existed. Twenty or thirty thousand dollars is paid every month to a provincial official in taxes for the repair and up-keep of the embankment. But, until last year, little or no work of any kind had been done.

In 1920, when the last flood of the season rushed down from its mountain sources, a level of 32 feet 2 inches, the highest record in 20 years, was reached. The farmers say that floods run in cycles and that the highest levels are at the beginning of a 20-year period and the lowest at the end. The 1920 rise was phenomenal and unexpected. A great deal of property was destroyed and large areas of land above Hankow were completely flooded.

The flood of 1921 was expected, and, therefore, in the spring of that year, certain repairs were made to the dyke, including a widening and strengthening of it. Even so, in some places, the embankment is only a few feet in width and not sufficiently strong. The repairs were made just in time, for 1921's flood was the greatest in 25 years, a level of 33 feet 4 inches at Shasi was reached and in many places the water of the Great River was within a few inches of the top, so that the wash of ships caused it to lap over.

According to ancient tradition the city's inhabitants got out at night and with much beating of drums and firing of crackers tried to prevail upon the river god to withdraw. But the rumour was current in Shasi that when they saw their offerings to be of no avail, a faithless general sent ten men to quietly cut

the dyke on the opposite bank, thus releasing the strain on the Shasi side, but, at the same time, causing the loss of life of the inhabitants of some 300 villages, besides the destruction of much property across the river. At any rate, whether the story is true or not, the following day saw a drop of six inches in the water level and the river god was appeased.

If the dyke at Shasi should break, and it is not strong throughout, loss of life and property damage would be incalculable; an area of over a hundred square miles of rice and wheat and cotton land inundated; thousands of villages swept away; millions of lost lives; and a new channel for the Yangtze straight down to the Han river—all because a legitimate revenue is not accounted for.

During the last days of July, 1921, the traveller down river past Shasi sees a city greyer than even before. The river has lowered a bit and left its mark in silt upon the buildings and the walls. Coolies are still wading and splashing along the Bund. Weedy grains, drooping under the weight of the heavy gift of the floods, fill a neglected spot between nondescript buildings. They are flanked by a single spot of colour—a row of tiger lilies lifting their heads above flood level—playing a losing game for beauty. The Customs compound is far under water—the Commissioner had hoped to escape that calamity by the building of a higher, stronger wall. The surrounding country is like a huge lake. Away to the southward and eastward, as far as one can see, is a vast expanse of water cut now and then by the green spots which mark the tops of trees or high embankment which has not yet been

washed away. The old channels which were canals and streams running southward to Tungting lake have lost their identity and become a part of the great inundation.

Shasi is the borderland of law and order. Beyond it, to the westward, no rules or predictions hold good and every situation must be met as it arises with native wit and the weapons of the moment.

The illegal traffic in opium presents the clearest, most flagrant case of lawlessness. One day in early spring, the captain of an up-river steamer saw the strange sight of an old, badly-weathered launch bearing down swiftly upon him. It was broadside to the current and very evidently out of control. The wretched launch crashed on his bow, ruining its deck house, then was shaken off and floated away.

The captain, thinking he could render some assistance, moved toward her. But instead of seeing, as he had expected, distressed Chinese eager for aid, there appeared upon the deck sleepy-eyed, dazed figures—still able to curse and shake their fists at the foreigner. The story was, of course, the old opium tale. The launch was being operated by Chinese generals. Huge quantities of opium were on board, being smuggled down river under the protection of the flag of the Board of War !

With such effective means of evading the law against the traffic in opium, it is easy to see that the city which least concerns itself with the law in combating that influence is most likely to be successful. Shasi is an example of such a city. One wonders why Shasi has escaped looting when the ports on either



side of her have suffered from pillage. It is not a wholly poverty-stricken city, for the country about is rich in cotton and every little home has its loom and spindle. Agents for foreign companies are there distributing their goods to western Hupeh.

The solution is that an opium agreement has been made at Shasi. The merchants pay the soldiers a certain sum of money. The soldiers turn their backs upon the traffic in opium. The price of peace is \$10,000 a month. As a result, public opium smoking is allowed throughout the Chinese city and gambling rights are sold. From these two trades a monthly revenue is received by the merchants which amply repays them for the \$10,000 per month with which they placate the soldiers and keep the little city at peace.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### ICHANG—THE GATEWAY TO THE WEST.

WHILE the Gorges are the real boundary between the known and the unknown in West China, Ichang is like a breath of anticipation. For as one leaves the monotonous plains that characterize the country between Hankow and Shasi, the first sight of a new strange country challenges the imagination of the traveller. Even the breezes from the shore bear the fragrance of pines and mark the limits of the hot, steamy, plains of the lower river. This is grazing country, rolling and green and spotted with white kids and goats. Buffaloes gradually disappear. Ponies make their first appearance in days of travel. They are tiny, sure-footed creatures, ridden by the Chinese in the manner of a people long accustomed to sitting a horse. Colts run at top-speed in the joy of youth and spring-time. Even pack burros—not like the long caravans of Yunnan and the Tibetan border country, but small trains—carry goods from the river to villages inland and above flood level. Caves appear in rocks and tell of age and ancient ways of living. And very soon one sees the human beasts of burden, trackers whose steadily increasing numbers indicate the growing strength of the current against which they work.

Our ship was already labouring against that tide. The day darkened and the shore faded from view. Every hour made progress more difficult and delayed our arrival in Ichang. The sky, which had been

slightly clouded, gathered, in the rising wind, a store of rain and suddenly released it in sheets. The captain talked of anchoring. The quartermaster in the chains swung the lead and called out in the sailor's exclusive tongue the depth of the racing water. To us, standing behind him, he translated into unnautical English what was supposedly English before. "Half-five"; "by the mark, six"; "six and a half"; "no bottom." At his side stood his assistant to haul in the lead as it drifted astern, so that China's mysterious system of the "one-job man" might not be violated. Out it swung again to the swish of the quartermaster's oilskin. "Deep-hole"; "quarter-seven"; "no bottom."

But the captain did not anchor. He walked the bridge all night. And we, in our cabins, not knowing the dangers of navigating the changing Yangtze on a moonless night, only knew that the captain on the bridge was responsible for our safety.

We slept to the sound of falling rain but, in the morning, the first rays of light dispelled the storm and we awoke to a cloudless day. We were going through Tiger's Tooth Gorge, a one-sided gorge, with tree-adorned hills dominated by a background of grotesque crags. Diagonally from here, in a long sweep across to the pagoda, which stands out like a lone lighthouse, then, moving very slowly against the still rising current, Ichang came into view—an indistinct haze of buildings. The ranges over the gorges are a background for the picture which is framed by Pyramid Hill on the left and the templed hills on the right to the back of the city.



The Prison Walls of the Yangtze





Our ship crawled along for more than half-an-hour to reach the shoal in front of Ichang city, past the oil companies' installations; past the open spaces of railroad property on which the foreign residents of Ichang plan to build warehouses and landing facilities to be ready for the great railroad when it finally comes, and in the meantime use it for golf and baseball games and for opium pyres where hundreds of thousands of dollars go up in smoke; past Chinese and foreign houses and hongs mixed indiscriminately. Then we reached the harbour—crowded, incessantly busy, a perfect maelstrom of sampans, junks, lighters with cargo, steamers and gunboats. It was three weeks after the looting of Ichang in June, 1921, and the gunboats which had hurried to the spot were still crowding the harbour. H.M.S. *Bee* and *Gnat*, the U.S.S. *Wilmington* and *Elcano* and a Japanese gunboat, stood guard over unfortunate Ichang. Just as we were distinguishing them from the surrounding steamers, the U.S.S. *Palos* came tobogganing down stream from the mouth of Ichang Gorge. The tide had been rising and, near Kweifu, the gunboat had been forced to turn back and was bringing the American Admiral back to his flagship. Six gunboats and two Admirals at little Ichang! The salutes fired by the U.S.S. *Wilmington* and returned by the British Admiral's flagship shook the city and the river like an earthquake. The *Palos* glided in and skilfully moored in the narrow limits of the harbour as though safely escaping the pursuit of the great river dragon.

The harbour is chosen, strangely enough, because of its shallow water rather than deep. A sandy shoal

affords fairly secure anchorage for up- and down-river steamers.

The character of the harbour is that of Ichang. The eternal business of shipping is the life of the port. The dangerous, swirling current, in which the sampans manœuvre skilfully and frequently barely escape upsetting, is no more dangerous than this border land where, in critical times, law and order are unknown. Customs' men inspect every ship for the opium which is the under-current of everything in West China. No tale of looting, of poverty, of wealth, or of big transactions is quite all told without the sidelight of this illicit trade. For it colours everything.

Lighters are heavily laden with coal which comes in such huge quantities to supply the mighty engines of the up-river steamers. There is the business of transporting cargo from Hankow-Ichang steamers to Ichang-Chungking steamers. Copper, in shining ingots shaped like flat-irons, is brought out in huge quantities from America to be turned into coin at the mints of Chungking and Chengtu at a big official profit. Some of it is smuggled down river again for use in western Hupeh. This is a cargo, too, which is desirable as ballast and captains of up-river steamers, particularly of the older and smaller steamers, are glad to carry a safe amount and so gain the increased stability which the heavy copper gives.

Cotton yarn and packed cotton and piece goods so desired in "the Beyond" form a very heavy proportion of the upward trade and these constitute one of the two most lucrative lines of business, the other being opium. In 1920 transportation charges were so heavy

that cotton in some parts of Szechuan was almost as expensive as silk. In the winter great quantities go up by junk, but in the open season steamers are laden with it. All the yarn that could be carried has not sufficed to meet the great demand of Szechuan. Cotton is also a convenient cargo to carry since, packed as it is in uniform bales of equal weight, it can be more easily and more closely stowed away and its weight estimated as adding to or lessening the vessel's draught inch for inch. This is a point very important where equilibrium plays so large a part in navigation.

Kerosene oil is carried in great quantities by the ships which fly the blue and red flags of "Socony" and "Asiatic," carrying the gospel of light into the remotest of remote interiors. And the remainder of the upward cargo includes such things as iron and steel machine parts; pig lead and galvanized iron; foreign articles such as bags and mats, hats and caps, cigarettes, dyes, matches and sewing machines, lamps and clocks and foreign medicines; paper and coal and cotton umbrellas and cereals and books and munitions and printing presses.

According to the time of the year the river flowing by Ichang is either wide and mighty, swiftly-moving and destructive, or narrow and unnavigable for large steamers. At low level the foreshore is lined with villages.

The sand shoal is not adequate to the increasing amount of shipping. Ichang's character as a terminal port distinguishes it from lower river ones where ships lie merely for a few hours. Nowadays, at Ichang, when there are as many as 16 steamers at

one time in this small space and with the current strong and the river high, there is constant danger of steamers dragging anchor and slipping down upon one another. The sampans manœuvre between them and lighters with cargo are tied by ropes to the shore, thus increasing the dangers of sampan navigation as the ropes hang just below the surface of the water.

As our ship came into her berth, there seemed hardly space for a mooring among the ships flying British, American, Japanese and French flags. A dozen steamers of special type are now plying between Ichang and Chungking, many more than run in the opposite direction, to Hankow, with better passenger accommodation, far better engines, and higher salaried ships' companies than the latter. It is well that the ships on this dangerous run should be well equipped. When only a few months of the 1921 season had passed by, over half the ships had been forced to undergo serious repairs and one ship, the str. *Meishun*, was beneath the river. At the same time, defective equipment had placed certain steamers in extreme danger and proved more forcibly than ever that the Customs' River Inspector holds a most responsible post. Moreover, there are no dock or repair facilities in Ichang and every ship must go to Hankow or Shanghai for repairs, thus involving an enormous loss of time.

There was much talk of transportation charges in Ichang last year. The tendency of Chinese companies has lately been to underbid freight rates and passenger rates. In 1920 the godowns of Ichang were congested with cargo and the movement of it westward was checked, but 1921 opened with more steamers



running and the cargo accumulation of months was eliminated in weeks. The Japanese have no ships plying above Ichang, thus far. From Hankow three Japanese steamers are running to Ichang but about as much cargo arrives on these three as is brought by any two of the British merchant ships. Because of large discounts to Chinese merchants, the Japanese secure a fair amount of local cargo trade at Ichang and they also do a good amount of business direct with their homeland.

Ichang is, however, distinctly a shipping port. It has no time for student movements or for partisan agitation. Moreover, while other parts of China may justly consider themselves in danger from Japanese militarism, Ichang is face to face with a more imminent danger from Chinese militarism which completely obscures the more distant one.

On the pyramid-like hill across the river from Ichang, the Japanese years ago placed three Chinese characters advertising a Japanese medicine. The characters read "*Ch'ing kuai wan*" and they mean "the invigorating pill," but when spoken they sound the same as the characters which mean "Manchu dynasty quickly finish." This caused great consternation on the one hand among the coolies who only knew the spoken language and agitation on the other among the Chinese officials who realized the effect these words might have. Measures were started to try to get these characters removed but the Japanese stood on their rights and they are there to-day as they were years before the downfall of the Manchu dynasty.



And this same pyramid is the one of which Major Drury writes in his fascinating "Passing of the Flagship." He describes how a pillage of Ichang was averted by the ingenuity of a marine officer who, with a gunboat's searchlight, produced a vision of a flying dragon who touched the tip of Pyramid Hill, marked a bright path across the sky, and rested on Temple Hill beyond !

But the superstition of more modern China is lessening a bit. In the nights following Ichang's June 1921 looting, the gunboat's searchlight was more effective at searching out booty-carrying coolies from dark corners of the Bund than in striking terror into the hearts of the evil-doers !

## CHAPTER XVIII

### ICHANG RUINS

ON a bright moonlight night about three weeks after the looting of Ichang, we drifted slowly through the flooded ruins in a sampan. The Chinese boatmen rested their boat hooks on the crumbling stone and mortar to push us onward. A loosened stone now and then splashed into the water releasing a puff of white dust. A lone archway was outlined by a narrow margin of uneven masonry. Water covered masses of *débris* which had been carefully despoiled of everything of any possible value before the floods came. A turbulent backwash from the swift current of the Yangtze sought to undermine the tottering structures. We wondered that a scene of such destruction could be so beautiful. The angles of uneven walls were softened and mellowed by the moon's yellow light. Pieces of ugly iron sheeting sticking through broken walls appeared in ghostly shape.

The night of the June, 1921, looting of Ichang was only half moonlight and starry. There was enough light to aid the soldiers in finding their way around ; not too much to make their coming known to the unfortunate sufferers. The people who watched on that night describe the sight of bands of soldiers running through the streets ; of the lights of fires here and there and finally a great conflagration of fires ; of rifle shots that have left holes over fireplaces and under windows of foreign dwellings.

From the sampan we leaned out and touched the crumbling walls. A sign loosened and twisted by the fire was still readable. In the bright moonlight, we made out "Anlee Shipping Company." On the other side of the gate in Chinese characters was the old sign of the American West China Shipping Company which had not been taken down after that company lost its only steamer on the up-river run, in 1921, the str. *Meishun*. These two companies occupied the same godown and it was there that, after the November looting, piles of copper ingots were found that somehow had escaped discovery by the bandits.

Behind these godowns are the ruins of the Bank of China—a big, waste place. When Ichang was pillaged by bandit-soldiery during the previous November, the manager of the bank very cleverly evaded the looters by cutting off the corners of the bank-notes. Near to this ruin is the office of the China Merchants' Steam Navigation Company. This office was looted but not as wantonly destroyed as the others.

The single archway which stands alone and through which our sampan glided, is the erstwhile gateway of a yamên. It was here that heads stuck on the ends of poles were displayed during the days following the looting. The long building behind the first courtyard of the yamên was entirely destroyed. These had been the barracks of the departing soldiers.

Near at hand the Standard Oil Company's city shop once stood. The local agent speaks of visiting the site on the morning after the June looting to find only parts of the walls standing. In the November outrage, the oil looted from this shop was used to



Safe Breaking—a Fifty-foot Drop to Break the Lock



Salvage Work after the Looting of Ichang





start fires throughout the city. In June the shop was burned down as it stood, thereby doing less damage to the city, perhaps, than before. The gold and silver shops are always the goal of wealth-seeking bandits. Those in Ichang, built to imitate the shops on Nanking Road, Shanghai, were completely destroyed.

But poor shops were looted as well as wealthy ones. The rice shops were not, as a general rule, molested, thus proving that the looters were not actuated by hunger. One poor man's shop was entered three times in one night. The first time everything he possessed of value was taken; the second time his clothes were stolen; the third time his bedding was the object of their desires. The shopman complained to a soldier of the third band that a fourth raid would mean the loss of his life since he had nothing more to hand over. So the soldier sympathetically invited him to the barracks where he remained until morning. When the soldiers came back after their night's work they greeted him, expressed gratitude at his good health, and bade him farewell.

Nearby is the ruin of a Greek tobacconist's shop, whence the Greek manager escaped, as he said, "by a piece of string," meaning a rope. All along the Bund stretch the remains of these looted and burned shops. Huge warehouses which were packed with thousands of dollars' worth of raw cotton, cotton cloth and cotton yarn are nothing but crumbling walls enclosing piles of the twisted iron hoops that were around the bales.

A deserted waste place is the scene of shops where on the morning after the owners sat on piles of *débris*, smoking borrowed pipes and joking with the

soldiers as they passed along with their swag in search of new fields to conquer. Farther along are the offices of the Robert Dollar Company, looted in November and again in June. A safe which resisted opening was thrown from a second-storey window and, when broken by its impact with the ground, was robbed.

Across from the Standard Oil hong, stands the property of the French fathers which has been rented to various companies and individuals. The bandits fell upon this place immediately. It so happens that large quantities of opium were found on these premises some time before and the fact cast an illuminating sidelight on the causes of the looting. Providentially the Customs' men had burned several thousand dollars' worth of opium just the day before the fateful third of June. Otherwise there might have been yet more difficulty in keeping the rioters out of the Customs' compound.

Not all the damage was done to buildings along the Bund. As one walks through the streets toward the foreign compounds, one frequently passes significant reminders. There is a building on whose scarred masonry are the indentations of many bullets. Broken flower pots on casement windows have never been removed. Farther along are the looted remains of other foreign houses of business. The Chamber of Commerce building with only the wall standing is to be seen in its large compound.

The November, 1920, looting caused an estimated loss of Tls. 30,000,000. There was not so much damage to property in the riot of the following June but there

was more wanton disregard for life. Over 100 Chinese were killed and about 200 wounded, over half of whom were women and children.

One moonlight night in Ichang, we watched from the wall of a compound two Chinese bandits in uniform robbing a small *puntza* or corner-stand of tobacco and small money. It was all very quiet and orderly. Shop-keepers from nearby stood looking on with seemingly the most casual interest. The two made away with their small winnings. Afterwards we walked through the streets and found them to be unusually quiet. The silence was foreboding. It so happened that there was no more looting in Ichang that night. But it was easy to visualize how a raid begins—with systematic robberies throughout the city; the offering of resistance leading to shots and bloodshed; fires starting up all over the city; and through it all the increasing boldness of the soldiers and their decreasing regard for human life.

On each of those eventful nights, foreigners patrolled the town going from one compound to another looking after the welfare of the women of the port. A few of them have been most highly commended for their bravery on the night of the third of June. They went among the soldiers all night, many of whom were decidedly hostile. The foreigner was always on the aggressive. Seeing a soldier band in the offing, he would run toward them, walk along with them, and ask them what they were about. They even demanded and succeeded in getting the looters' assistance in scaling the walls of compounds where they wished to make sure of the safety of ladies within.

A certain family—a man and his wife—were living in a flat at the top of a high building which seemed to have a particular attraction for the looters. Again and again bands broke in and raided this building. Before reaching the flat in which the people were living, the soldiers fired bullets through the floor. As the looters broke in, the husband tried to stop them but they fired at point-blank range. He thought it wise to fall as if dead and his poor wife thought he really was. She rushed up from bed and fell on his body. A faithful coolie who tried to help her was bayoneted before her eyes. Everything which she and her husband possessed was taken by successive parties of raiders who carried away all the clothing with everything else. After three bands of looters had ransacked the flat, the wife climbed out of the window on to a near-by roof to hide from the fourth crowd of fiends. She was saved from further molestation by the arrival of the British Consul who came unarmed to their assistance and who took both herself and her husband to the safety of his residence where they remained for days.

As the night went on, the fires grew brighter and more threatening. The bandits seemed to increase in number as they commandeered coolie men and women to carry their loot. Bullets and bayonets were used recklessly that terrorism might cause hidden treasures to be revealed. Little babies were pierced by bayonets before the eyes of their parents and women were butchered for the sake of their ear-rings and ornaments. Of the Chinese men who were murdered many were simply trying to defend their children and women-folk.



Just as in other emergencies, the ladies of the Missions faced danger most bravely. Each sought emergency duties and none appealed for protection. Friends who came to offer help found them self-reliant, unafraid and anxious to be of service to others. Among them were Scottish girls with war-work experience who knelt down in exposed places to bandage and try to alleviate the pain of dangerously wounded coolies.

About six o'clock the looting ceased. That day the lawless horde gathered their booty together, loaded it upon the str. *Kweilee*, until the boat listed with the weight of it, and made away. Curious, the type of character developed by such vagabonds. One of these "princes of the land" was travelling down river on a foreign steamer some time later. A missionary fell into conversation with him. "Yes," said the ex-soldier in Chinese, "I got \$800 out of the last looting. Half of it was in heavy silver so I got money orders for it at the post office and sent it to my family. The remainder was in currency and easy to carry in my money-belt. I've been five years in the army now and this is the first time I've fallen into such good luck." He had used the very post-office that was looted to transmit the stolen money! Here was an example of the type of thief who considers that he turns a good business deal if a looting comes off well and who may, if especially successful, aspire to become Tuchun of a province.



## CHAPTER XIX

### THROUGH THE GORGES

It is three in the morning. Searchlights light the river and sweep the bank. Coolies call out in loud, impatient voices. The ship's crew haul up anchor and the engines begin their pulsing at one and the same time so as not to slip downstream with the current. A terrifying proceeding, indeed. We, the passengers, creep about the unlighted deck watching the light as it searches out the turmoil of sampans and sets them in clear relief, then leaves weird shadows behind it as it moves on again. We knew we would not have got under way if the water mark had been higher than it was the day before, so we presume now that all is well as we finally draw away from our mooring and steam slowly upstream. The ship vibrates as though it were all a part of the mighty engine which must generate a power equal to overcoming the tide of the Yangtze at her best.

In a few minutes we enter the gates of the Ichang Gorge. It is like a great, gloomy cave. The sides of the hills shut in the only sound—the constant pulse, pulse of the engine, the creaking of a deck pole, the everlasting wash of the water. Sixteen miles we go through Yellow Cat and Lampshine Gorge and into zig-zag reaches. The narrow channel winds and winds. We look back as the gateway closes behind us. The sun's first red streaks appear across the sky. And now we come to meet the rising sun around the next

corner. It is like waking from a dream of caves and underground passages into a world of colour and cool shadow and bright sunlight.

It is so that one starts on the four-day journey from Ichang to Chungking stepping from a land which is a bit familiar to China visitors into a world new and beautiful, of outlandish customs and strange, romantic sights.

A journey of 350 miles and an uphill ascent in that distance of approximately 500 feet, five times the ascent from Shanghai to Ichang in about a third of the distance; a round-trip journey which takes as long as to go from New York to Liverpool by boat; a journey which requires a small ship to expend so much coal that it costs equally as much to ship a ton of freight from Ichang to Chungking as to transport it around the world. What precious cargoes these boats must carry!

The ship we were on kept near the banks to avoid the strength of the current which swept down like Niagara turned loose. We were constantly having to change banks to find the deepest water and, as we veered across, the stern of the ship would swing after us as the current caught her broadside. The whole surface of the water was a swirling mass of whirlpools sucking the froth they created into their centres. A coffee-coloured torrent on its destructive way.

Already it was like another land. Straw huts, tucked away under a ledge of rock, with no visible escape above from the surely rising water. Junk men carefully balancing their boats as they rocked and shifted water in the wake of our ship. Piles of rocks

in midstream with the rushing current steadily working to re-sculpture them. A naked fisherman standing on a bit of rock and seining for his daily bread. Tall bare rocks like citadels that caught the glints and rays of the sun. And sometimes, as the river broadened in places, a little hamlet on a wooded bank, smoke rising above the trees, the family watching our steamer pass. We seemed to be going very rapidly as we watched the water over the side of the ship, but sometimes it was long before we would pass and leave out of sight a particular sampan upturned on a mossy bank or a particular spot of red among the blue gowned onlookers in their hillside homes.

On the morning of the first day, we entered Ox-Liver and Horse's Lungs Gorge, so-named, they say, from the formation of the rock. Strange and weird as the name and as impossible of description is the gorge. Every now and again we pass a miniature village built on a sloping bank where streets were steep and the houses were built high from the banks on slender poles so that they looked like bird cages. We were told that every winter houses were built down to the very water's edge and that every summer they were regularly washed away. Evolution has had no effect on these builders.

Between Ox-Liver and Mitán Gorge, we passed a knoll near the village of Hsin-t'an. On the top is Captain Plant's bungalow, where he and Mrs. Plant lived for many years and where passengers on passing ships would be waved to and would wave in return to the people who always came out on the verandah to see them pass by. Now the bungalow is to become a



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The Late Captain S. Cornell Plant





rest-house, it has been suggested, for the trackers whose sufferings the "Grand Old Man of the Upper Yangtze" did so much to alleviate. Captain Plant chose this location in which to live in order to study the Hsin-t'an rapids in the winter time. Thirty per cent. of the junks attempting to cross these rapids in the winter season are lost. The whole village has been built from the wreckage of junks. And in the hills at the back there are fossils for ardent geologists and wild goat shooting for the sportsman.

The Mitan Gorge is the shortest of all, only two and a half miles. Above it lies old Kueifu city, at the foot of one of the most fearsome stretches of water for winter sailing craft. In fact, it is one of the places that makes steamer navigation during the winter months impossible. It was at Buffalo Mouth rapid, the second of the three big rapids in that stretch, that the first ship of the season was sacrificed to the river god.

The American ship *Meishun* on April 29, 1921, was having a hard time making her way against the big rise of water. She had had difficulty getting across the other rapids and it was about four o'clock in the afternoon when the attempt was made to navigate Buffalo Mouth. Apparently the freshet met them there. A swirl lifted the boat up and deposited it amidships on a rock, making a hole in the engine room about the size of a man's head. Then another swirl came, lifted her off the rock, and she made for shore. Her nose was poked up on the bank and all the passengers were safely rescued. The only life that was nearly lost was that of a big fat Chinese who jumped

into the river to save his worldly possessions. The officer who saw him threw a life buoy and aimed so accurately that he thought for a moment he had drowned, in trying to save, him. But the next moment up came the head, ringed by the life-buoy.

There were many funny incidents that contributed themselves to overcoming the tragedy of the wreck. There was the captain who gathered his valuables from the safe and threw the combination again leaving his gold watch inside, and his subsequent despair, and the appearance of it at the hands of his boy, who nonchalantly answered to astonished remarks at his having got the watch from the locked safe, "Oh, suppose watchee you one time, any man can do." A member of a rescue party who scorned the improvised dwellings made hastily on the rocks, sent his boy in search of accommodation, but didn't take advantage of it after it was secured because as he said "the d—— hovel had seven pigs in it already and he wasn't going to make the eighth." If the water is not too high, travellers are able to see the slanting top of a yellow mast head thrusting itself up above the surface.

Above the rapids is the village of Patung whence came the soldiers who looted Ichang in 1921. Across the river, a waterfall comes down by leaps into a glen-like canyon below, beautiful and refreshing to the passengers whose steamers stop there, giving them time to go and stand under its splashing coolness. From there it is only five miles to the entrance to Wushan or Witches' Gorge, the longest of all—25 miles.

It is well-named with its enormously high cliffs, dark and gloomy, very sheer. In some places the banks are green, terraced and intensively cultivated part way up, in other places, the trees seem to be growing out of bare rock. Sometimes, we would see a pathway for trackers cut deep into the face of a sheer cliff so narrow that it would seem a tracker could never stand erect in it. From the stern of the boat, we watched as the perspective changed and farthestmost cliffs seemed to rise above the nearer ones. We gazed up at caves in the sides of rocks and saw the tiny figures of people looking down at us. Many of these caves were banked up with walls of stone to prevent sliding. Many were abandoned. There was always the fascinating business of watching junks skilfully manipulated by oarsmen and trackers.

Halfway through the gorge comes one of the surprising and enchanting breaks in the rocks which marks the opening of a diverging canyon and gives one a glimpse at the mysteries beyond. Here we cross the boundary line between Hupeh and misty Szechuan.

It is in the upper part of Wushan gorge that the greatest rise and fall of water takes place. There has been a difference of 200 feet between high and low water level. And it does not rise slowly. As we were going through the water level was 149 feet. Five days before it had been 67 feet. Moreover, it had risen 45 feet in 24 hours. Ships are anchored very carefully at night and plenty of wire stay ropes are strung out along the bank to hold the ship in place. Yet, when a big freshet comes, these safeguards are often all

swept away and the captain must be ready to get up steam immediately or the ship will be lost.

Every mile of the channel from Ichang to Chungking is treacherous and dangerous. A wrong twist of the wheel, a moment's relaxation from watching, may mean destruction. The captains of the boats that undertake this run are on the bridge 17 hours a day. In Chungking, the ship only remains long enough to unload and reload and then is away again on the return trip of a day and a half and at Ichang there is a stop of two days at the most in normal conditions before the up-river trip again. Two days rest after five of constant strain and sleeplessness !

At the close of the day in the refreshing coolness (for it is hot during July in the gorges) we were still coming through a narrow channel between high cliffs. One was a great slab of veined stone with a formation like a huge chapel floor at the bottom ; again, we could see steps running up and over a precipitous rock, the route over which an Emperor is said to have escaped from his pursuers ; we could see also, holes in the cliff where centuries before short bamboos had been inserted to form a cliff ladder, by the cunning of a general whose army scaled these heights to escape from the gorge in which they were trapped. Farther on there is a cave where several military officials went into hiding with their wealth. They were afraid of losing their heads, it is said, and somehow they were able to get into a seemingly inaccessible cave on the mountain side. Welcome visitors were drawn up by means of a rope let down from above. A woman in the mission at Kueichowfu called at their queer



home because one of the officials was a Christian. She was hauled up by the rope and it was drawn up after her until the call was ended !

That night we moored by the bank near the town of Wushan, where a tree was uprooted by the guy ropes and where it took a long time to arrange things satisfactorily. It was a beautiful night, starlit and cool, with mysterious, unknown hills at hand.

Early in the morning we went through a rapid which required "full steam ahead." The water piled up over the bow of the ship like beaten caramel. And when we arrived in calmer water above, the momentum of former power carried us very dangerously near the huge rock ahead and to the right of our channel.

Rapids are made in two ways. Either by shoals of rock which form dams and over the ends of which the water rushes with great force, or by the narrowed channel between two cliffs. The former are dangerous during low water. At high water, they do not exist. Since most of the upper Yangtze rapids are formed by landslides or by rocks protruding from the bed of the river, the summer season loses much of its excitement. But not all by any means. Fut'an rapid is caused in the second manner and the torrent which rushes between those walls of rock above Wanhshien, is terrifying and awe-inspiring.

The last of the big gorges is Kueifu or Bellows Gorge. This is the most tremendous of all.

The mountains are piled up on one another like a great dumping ground. Big black dreary holes in the rocks. Rocks like half-baked bricks dumped aside.

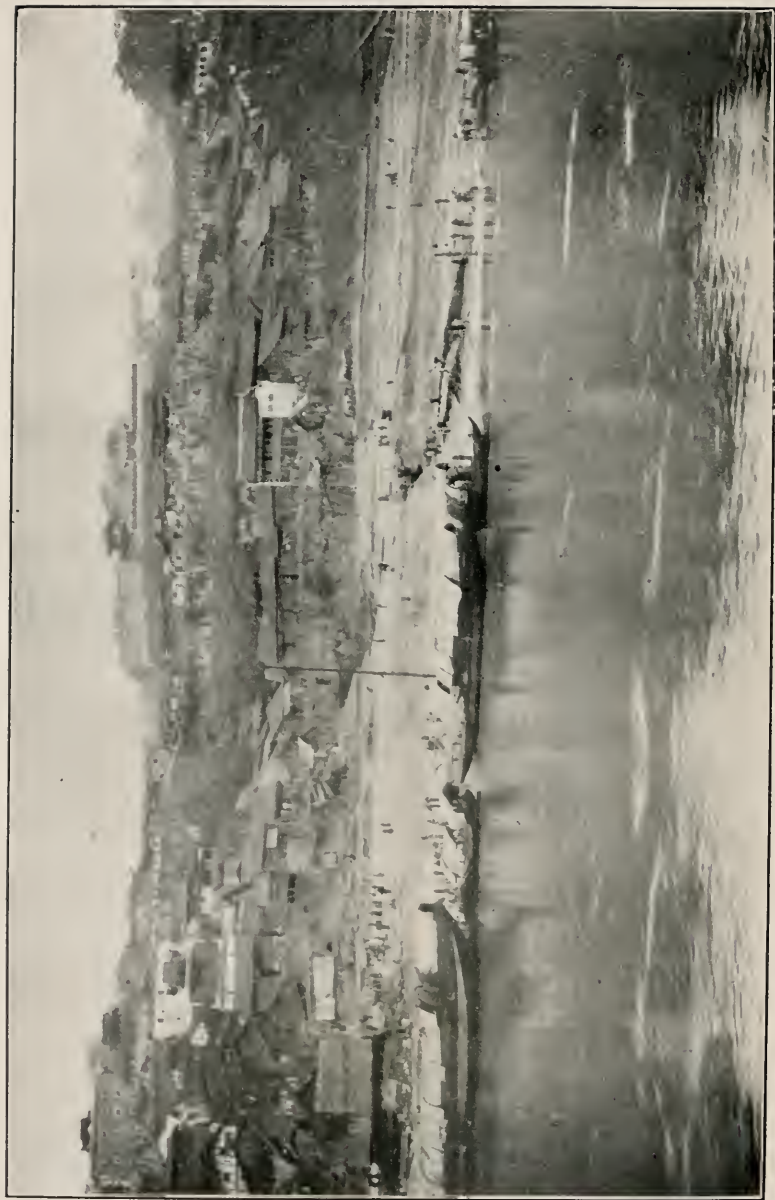


Swirling water with black drift held in patches by the opposing currents. It was depressing, gloomy, awe-inspiring. A little way, high above the water's edge, thrust within a crevice, are the coffin-like boxes which give the gorge its name. They are man-made boxes and are about six feet across the face of the opening as well as can be ascertained from a distance. Nobody knows how they got there and no one has been able to get up to them to see what they are made of. They look like clay or iron. The Chinese say that the devil put them there.

Kueifu Gorge marks the end of the soul-thrilling part of the journey to Chungking except that on the way back, the traveller has it all over again, in new aspects. He sees the apparently closed rocks ahead into which the boat seems to be rushing with great rapidity. But just at the point of danger, the Yangtze reveals itself, slipping around the corner into a new scene and toward a new wall beyond. The short Mitau Gorge proved itself more lovable on the return journey. As we went sweeping into its straight stretches, our ship speeding along with the current at a rate of 22 knots an hour, the cool wind came to meet us and swept the deck of all the lurking lazy breezes of the upper reaches. It was a thrilling voyage.

On the second day at noon we steamed down majestically on Ichang, made a skilful turn, rested on the current like a hovering bird, and dropped anchor before the Yangtze had a chance to pick a quarrel with us for not continuing our swift ride with her on to the sea.





The City of Kueichowfu

## CHAPTER XX

### KUEICHOWFU AND WANHSIEN

THE first large city above Ichang at which up-river boats call is Kueichowfu. It is just above Kueifu Gorge. The moment the traveller sees it he knows that here is something, the like of which he has never before dreamed of. A high crenelated wall undulating with the ridges of the hills faces the waterfront. Behind it and close against it are seen the upper parts of quaint buildings and temples—all yellow, dull red and weather-beaten blue—coloured in all the rich tints of an ancient artistic brush and the added ones that age has given them. Before the wall, which is approached from the water's edge by streets of steps, are the tottering structures where the riverine Chinese make their homes. Down the steps come laden coolie labourers. Along the wall perch lazy soldiers looking down on the one side to the quiet, ancient city, on the other to the swarming, busy, shipping population.

Here we bought chopsticks made of wood with little carved lions on their tops, and beautiful combs in sets of three that were cut and carved out of wood of all shades of yellow and brown.

As we steamed slowly away we looked back and saw a phantom city. The background of fancifully shaped hills was misty with clouds. In the growing distance, the clouds slipped forward, until they enfolded Kueichowfu and quietly spirited her away before our eyes.

Above here, the river widens and flows between green foothills. When the river runs low in the winter time, men may be seen washing for native gold and then, too, the salt wells which lie in the bed of the river are uncovered and despoiled of their wealth, to be covered again until the end of the summer season.

We passed many a contented-looking farmhouse surrounded by terraced fields of corn and grains. Temples become more frequent as the hills become more accessible. Pilgrims wend their way along shadowy paths, waving their ubiquitous fans. Bands of trackers look like Red Indians as they bend their brown, muscled, backs over a long tow rope. Here and there, where the stream seems broad, our steamer ploughs against the swiftest current, so that we, who watch with eyes that do not see below the surface, wonder why the pilot does not choose a less difficult path. But we do not know that the bed of the river is composed of shingle banks and ledges of rock and that we are prevented from hugging one bank or the other by projecting ledges which are submerged at high water and mean destruction for the steamer which strikes them.

We pass many a snug hamlet tucked back into a still and shallow bay. We pass Siakan, the robber city, and see huddled, misshapen huts such as pirates choose for homes. We come to the Gorge of the Eight Cliffs where the river runs between plateaux of sandstone and leaves a navigable channel of only 150 yards.

Then we come in sight of the 13-story pagoda of Wanhsien and soon come upon the most picturesque city between Ichang and Chungking, 177 miles from



the former. Wanh sien is built upon the steep sides of a hill among many hills. Our steamer stops on the opposite side of the river and we view the city from afar. The hills behind rise at gradually increasing heights. The farthest distant are snow-capped and touched with the red rays of the setting sun. The nearer hills are flat-topped and give a curious impression of being cut from a picture-book. They are shrouded in the faint mist which is ever-present in Szechuan country. The nearer sides are flat and bare. Into the bare sides are thrust half-buried temples that look like painted dolls' houses and are so much a part of the rock that they seem to have grown up there. At the side of the city flows Little River, emptying into the Yangtze. From our ship we see the curious bridge of Wanh sien which arches over Little River and supports a house on its very centre.

On one flat-topped hill we can make out the brown snaky path of a wall. And we learn that away up there, dwell certain wealthy Chinese who have sought a safer home and who live among gardens and fields which make them self-supporting, divinely indifferent to flood and attack which harass the citizens below.

At the back of us on the opposite shore from Wanh sien a winding path leads to a temple in a cave. Water drips down from the rocky roof and refreshes the patient idols, and moss grows about their feet and about the fountain which is constantly replenished by the cool waters of a spring. But very soon, a gondola-like sampan comes from across the stream to take us to Wanh sien. With the water level high and the current swift, it is no easy task to cross. Our strong

coolies pole far up-stream, hugging the right bank to avoid the strong swift downward current. Far above the city, they push suddenly into the stream and row with all their strength. Every push of the oar is accompanied by a heavy simultaneous stamp of feet and loud grunts of exertion. They row straight across the river, but the current bears us swiftly downward, so that we are sweeping in a long diagonal line toward Wanhsien. We arrive at the mouth of Little River, many rods below the point to which our coolies had laboriously poled. A little distance up Little River there is a natural dam which prevents our going further to the arched bridge. Under the waterfall small boys disport themselves unhampered by, to them, unknown standards of civilization. One of our oarsmen had his few clothes off preparatory to a cool swim before we were hardly stopped.

Back we went, the downward current of Little River almost equalized by the backwash of the rising Yangtze, to the steps of Wanhsien. Here we entered a strange land. Up endless steps, round corner after corner, every flight is another street, lined with restaurants and shops and beggars. Finally, at the end of a street, we entered a temple. Here is the home of one of the eight foreigners of the port.

The courtyard in the centre is bare and denuded of its altar. On one side is the living room with books and magazines, easy chairs, and a victrola. On the walls hang the fascinating bamboo screens painted with Chinese sketches which come from the country at the back of Wanhsien and which are very difficult to get. On the other side of the courtyard is the



Bridge at Wanhhsien



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The Doudart de Lagree Aground



dining room. And at the back of these rooms, both of which are raised from the courtyard, more steps lead to many rooms above, which finally end in a verandah at the very top, but which is itself on a level with the street and houses behind.

Eight foreigners live in Wanhsien. They are all bachelors. Wanhsien is both too dangerous and too lonely for a woman. The bachelors live far apart from one another but they come together now and then for dinner and for holidays. Away back from the city in the hills are bungalows to which they can go on week-ends. But even so, it is too lonely, and breaks in their solitude are too infrequent for human beings well to endure. Wanhsien should have been opened as a separate treaty port 18 years ago. It was opened in 1920 and the terms of the treaty state that it is to be opened to foreign trade on the same footing as Shanghai and Hankow. But it has never been. The Customs' service in Wanhsien is under that of Chungking. British steamers are sometimes prevented from coaling at the port except on the payment of excessive taxes—an infringement of a specific clause in the treaty.

At one time some hundred junks were held up here by military authorities who demanded payment of a tax unlawfully levied. The famous story of their release—which is now called the Battle of Wanhsien—was told to us as we sat at dinner in the temple home. In the centre of the table was a tiny silver model of a British gunboat, a replica of the one which figures in the story.



One hundred junks loaded with cotton had been despatched from Ichang with proper duty paid and bearing the required papers. Upon their arrival in Wanhsien, the junks were held by military authorities for more taxation. The merchants refused to pay. The taxes were unjust and exceedingly excessive. So the vessels loaded with thousands of dollars' worth of cotton and cotton goods remained in Wanhsien month after month, the merchants at Chungking becoming more and more impatient as the demands on them for goods grew more insistent. A British gunboat was about to steam up the Gorges. Her captain was in the Customs' Club at Ichang the night before her departure. He was approached by a British merchant who asked him to see what he could do about the junks which were unlawfully held up at Wanhsien. "Righto," said the captain and departed to his ship.

The gunboat anchored in Wanhsien a few days later, and the captain sent word to the Chinese General who was responsible for the trouble asking him to come aboard the ship. The General came and was then told that the city would be fired upon at two o'clock if the junks were not released before that time. There the conference ended. Then the captain sent word first, to the civilians of the city, warning them that the city would be under bombardment at the fateful hour of two, and second, to the junks to be prepared to get under way as the first shot was fired. Then he went ashore to tiffin. That memorable tiffin took place round the very table at which we were seated listening to the tale. Not only was the British captain present with his host, but, also, the local Chinese General.

Promptly at two o'clock the captain made his excuses and left the tiffin table to bombard the city. History does not record the General's feelings. He may have thought to the last moment that all the warnings were merely a matter of bluff. At two o'clock a blank shell was fired. It was followed by another blank. The second was followed by a third blank. But the fourth, aimed at a projecting rock way above the city, was true. By this time the junks were under way. The General offered no resistance. And so with only one shell fired, and with no casualties recorded, ended the Battle of Wanhsien, for which the captain of the gunboat was commended, in the words of the naval department "for his quick wit and decisive action."

Along Little River there is a large Japanese wood-oil factory. In the hills back of Wanhsien grow the trees which produce the pod from which wood-oil is made. It is a very fine quality of oil, one which wears forever and withstands heat and cold and scratching. A very good quality of silk is made in the hills at the back of the city. From farther away come the pretty transparent bamboo screens. But the hills between, in the spring of the year, are dotted and coloured with the poppy, the fruit of which is carried out from the fields in all manner of ways and shipped down river and sold among the people.

At midnight that night we recrossed the dark river. It was swirling and terrifying. The coolies strained at the oars to beat the current by a few inches. Once we touched the edge of a whirlpool but, after a breathless moment, when the boat swung and tipped

to one side, we slipped past it and finally reached the other side safely and thankfully.

Later in the night a brightness awakened us. We went on deck. Huge red flames lit up the sky. Their reflexion formed a blood-red path across the water. Above the rush of the water, we could still distinguish the sound of falling timbers and breaking walls. Wanhsien was more beautiful then than ever before as the flames brought out the grotesque shapes of the hills behind in flashes of light which quickly faded away only to appear again.

Later the rain came and the fire was extinguished, and in the early morning there was no sign of the night's blaze as we steamed slowly westward.

## CHAPTER XXI

### WEST-CHINA BOXERS IN 1921

SOUTH of the Yangtze river, Hupeh on the Szechuan border is mountainous, cut with many rivers and fertile valleys. Here, during recent years, particularly, the distress has been unbelievable. The Southern armies have occupied the district most of the time for the last three years and have forced the farmers to grow opium. Thus, rice and grain land has been utilized and a considerable scarcity of food has resulted. Moreover, the farmers who grew the opium were forced to pay a tax of a few cents on each plant and then, impossible as it may seem, their product has been taken from them without payment !

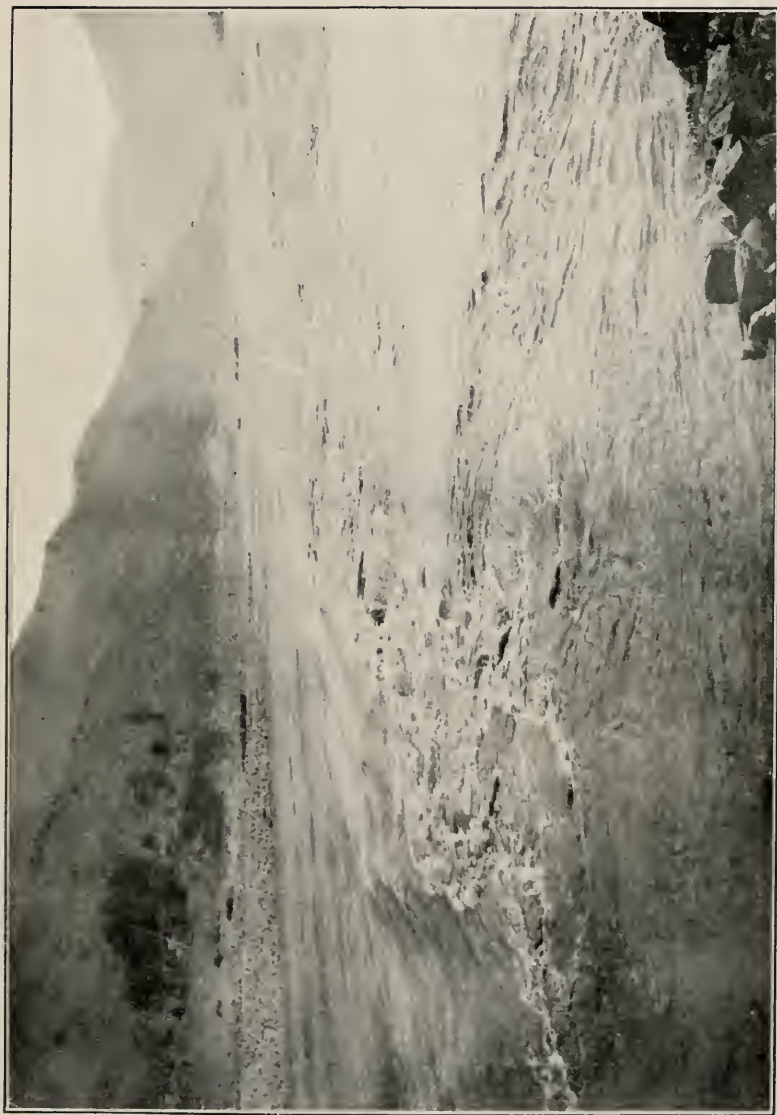
One of the most frequent features of Chinese life is the tendency toward the adoption of one's father's profession. The farmer, the military man, the merchant, each passes on his trade through the generations. Thus it may be supposed that when the peasants of western Hupeh took up arms and advanced against the Southern armies, they were sorely tried indeed. With weapons that consisted of sharpened bamboos, farm hoes, and the sharp Chinese kitchen knife, a band of desperate men came down from the mountains and attacked the cities of Lichwan and Shihnam in December of 1920. These cities were strongholds of the Southern armies. It is not strange that the peasants met defeat. But having once departed from tradition, one defeat had not the power to dishearten

them. Having for once disclaimed the characteristics of ages—servility and passive acceptance of fate—they suddenly became infuriated fanatics.

And magic, the great weapon of the pagan, was added to their force. Here reports differ a bit, but, from them all, we are able to gather that a young girl—a Chinese Joan of Arc—had a dream and saw a vision of her people released. A leader grew out of the movement who said that two dragons lived in his nostrils and that thus it was proved that he was an emperor chosen by the gods. A costume was adopted which consisted mainly of red arm bands and turbans. Thirteen living Buddhas were soon well established as authentic in the minds of their followers. Among their weapons of great strength, the greatest was their belief in their own invulnerability to wounds and immunity from danger. It was after a march of many days and after many successful attacks on cities and isolated soldier bands, that they finally learned that the great law of physical death had not been waived for them and their cause. The movement began by being anti-Southern. Then the Northern armies entered the district and northern oppressors replaced the southern ones. Informed by the conquered officials of the cities they captured that these northern armies had been called in by the Christians and missionaries, the movement became anti-Christian, anti-missionary and anti-foreign.

Father Janssen, of Ichang, who is a veteran of the Franciscan mission of that district, speaks of some of the things that have actually been reported to him by eye-witnesses. On the first of April at Lungchupa, the





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Approaching Perilous Waters



chapel of the mission was overrun by the Shen-ping. Twenty-nine Christian men who had taken refuge there with their families were brought before the leader *p'u sa* of the band. As they refused to forswear their religion they were beheaded under the very eyes of their wives and children.\*

In the same way, other Christians were slaughtered at Chihlo, Hsukiayun, and Laoyach'ang. At Nanp'ing a Franciscan missionary, Father Peregrin Teunissen, was caught and bound and badly beaten by several *gods and goddesses*. He was only released after the repeated pleadings of a local pagan chief. But his house and chapel were looted and destroyed. The church of another Belgian missionary has been converted into a pagoda.

A Hwailing, a convent of native sisters, together with their orphan girls and the local missionary, Father Trudo Jans, had been for a long time in great danger. Here, Father Janssen said the entire supply of rice had been taken and there was nothing for the sisters and their orphaned charges to eat.

Thus the new Boxers continued their march to the north. Just as the Taipings gathered numbers on their march toward the Yangtze, so did these fanatic revolutionists. The length of the march covered a distance which it is difficult for a man to travel in twelve days, making the best time possible. As they went, they burned and looted. Always believing them-

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\*In January, 1922, the Belgian Franciscan priest, Father Julien Adons, was murdered in cold blood by assassins who broke in as he sat quietly at dinner. Although effort was made to accredit this brutal crime to the Shen-ping, the evidence seems to point to the undisciplined, barbarous soldiery as being the actually guilty. This was the fifth martyrdom among the faithful Belgian Franciscan fathers in this district during the last 25 years.

selves to be invulnerable they were never afraid for themselves, and neither were they doubted by the frightened, superstitious people. They captured rifles and two machine-guns from the Northern armies which had been sent to that district the preceding November—indeed from the very troops that looted Ichang on Saint Andrew's eve.

The movement had spread by that time so that the entire district was aflame, part of the devotees marching toward the Yangtze, and part remaining behind to carry on. A detachment, 2,000 strong, advanced on Wanhsien. Now, according to the tale, many deluded people of both sexes and even children came to believe themselves possessed of some certain god. Magical rites were a part of their strange ceremony. Every militant who performed these gained invulnerability. A small girl and a small boy were escorted by the Shen-ping to decide the fate of victims. Upon their word, "good" or "not good," rested the life or death of many captives. If these things had been all! When the chapels of missions were robbed, the Shen-ping donned the vestments of the priests; they drank Chinese wine from the chalices; they robbed from the people and the fathers not only food and money but priceless personal treasures.

Then Wanhsien and the reckoning day! Word came to the officials of the aged city which sits so quaintly among its hills, that on the opposite bank of the river Yangtze was a band of gods and goddesses at whose command the orbs and planets of the universe moved or stayed at rest. They were invulnerable,

they said, and had come to enter the gates. Now, it so happened, that Wanhsien was much distressed within herself because of her own discontented, rebelling soldiers. So, when the 2,000 came marching, their red flags ahead of them, the gates were opened. Their weapons were still only hoes and spiked bamboos. Each man wore the red badge of immunity. The soldiers fled. At first, affairs promised well under the new order. But later, the invading army proved a greater trial than the one which had gone. They felt their power keenly and wished to prove its force upon the civilians of Wanhsien. So the general sent word to his soldiers that he would pay them large sums of money to return and clear the city of the peasant soldiers. The result was an appalling massacre. Their gods failed them. The foreshore of the city was strewn with 500 slain. It was a complete butchery. Many of the "spiritual army" still clutched the little red flags that were to keep them safe. Reports differ on numbers. About 1,500 must have escaped. But there were surely as many as 500 killed. The tragedy of fanaticism was re-enacted. For the measure of justice in their cause adds to the result the pathetic touch of faith destroyed.

\* \* \*

The parallelism between the Shen-ping uprising in western Hupeh and the beginnings of the Boxer movement in the north is startling. Boxerism was an outgrowth of an organization of long-standing in Shantung, which had its rise in political unrest. The Shen-ping movement began as a direct rebellion against



military injustice and oppression and against economic conditions brought on by political corruption. Boxerism drew its greatest strength from magic and superstition as did the Shen-ping. The Red Lamp Society, started by a woman and joined by young girls who, like the heroines of Chinese fairy tales, wore red trousers and red girdles, carried on mysterious and miraculous workings and increased terrorism throughout the country. From these magic powers, the soldiery were supposed to derive the same qualities as are these people of to-day—invulnerability to bullets and immunity from danger.

In each case, the causes of the uprising have been both direct and clear, indirect and subtle. The Shen-ping is a rebellion against injustice. The direct cause was deprivation aggravated by the occupation of their country by hostile Southern armies. For Hupeh, like Hunan, has been the battleground where the conflicting armies of north and south have fought out their differences. The commandeering of the land which is their support led to desperate measures. The chronic, world-old disgust of the conservative against the progress of his country, as illustrated by the students and the Christian Chinese, burned in the breast of these reactionaries. Rumours of foreign power with the introduction of a new learning and the establishment of churches were frightening the ignorant farmer.

To read the story of Boxerism is to listen to the tale of the Shen-ping. Even to the costumes they wore, to the details of incantations and witchery, to the growth of a feeling against Christians and then

against foreigners. The organizers of the Boxer movement called themselves "The Public Spirited Harmonious Band." The organizers of the Shen-ping call themselves "The Multitude of Worthies and Holy Ones."

A most interesting revelation of the motives and object of the Shen-ping rising appears in the illuminating edict of the Pure Jade Emperor which was sent to the military officials before the entrance of the army into Wanh sien. In it he states the causes of rebellion, the aim of the organization, and declares the power possessed by himself and his followers. It is thus the edict begins :—

"Tsen, the Gem Emperor, Most High God, situated in the Celestial Heaven. The Leader of the Multitude of Worthies and Holy Ones, and the Ruler of the Peoples of the Earth. The elements are at our command as are the orbs and planets of the universe.

"We have the power of life and death. The spirits of both worlds wait upon Us, not daring to rest day or night.

"We, maintaining our beneficent nature, are always deploring judgement and desiring life for our creatures. Yet, also, that the heart of man should be so hard and stubborn, formulating sins which reach as a thousand stories up to heaven. The males are hateful in their disloyalty, the females cause sorrow by their lack of modesty. These are the last days, and therefore, We offer another exhortation."

In the following harangue against the scholars, the writer proves himself a true son of toil, laboriously cribbing from the ancient edicts and twisting the sense

ludicrously to his own ends. The Jade Emperor, who was probably a fairly good buffalo-driver in his proper cog, so speaks :—

“The Scholars :—These have abandoned their good manners, and have used their literary attainments to the slaying of others ; they have eaten up the heritage of others. . . . the eight virtues and moral relationships they have abandoned entirely. They dress like the princes but carry the heart of the beast. . . . They would burn the Classics.

“Everywhere they have established schools, but these have refused to teach the right things and have gone into new fangled ideas.

“Also, that the juniors should from their infancy be taught to be rascals, they refuse to teach the classics, but drill and singing find a place of diligent instruction in the curriculum. These scholars are imbued with the ideas of bullying, and from this root spring insubordination, intimidation of the masters, formation of strikes, and lack of respect of the officials.”

There is more along the same style, which makes one realize on second thought that his source of information was good even if his philosophy is wrong. He dismisses the scholars by saying that they must all be cut off by the sword.

He then proceeds to deal with the farmers, whose greatest fault is that they are ceasing to observe the lucky days of the calendar and that they curse at the rain and swear at the fair weather. The Emperor pronounces as a great sin that the farmer actually “slays his cattle and the bolder among them sell the beef as a means of livelihood.”

He finds equally harsh things to say concerning the industrial workers, who want three meals served to the moment and are not satisfied with the tobacco allowance ; then he goes on to the employer, who is proclaimed to be wicked for withholding the same things that the employee has just been scathed for demanding. When he speaks of these he evidently feels too strongly for expression, for he says : " This last class cannot be adequately described, we must therefore speak of another class." But that is after a paragraph of well-selected adjectives regarding that kind of employer.

His remarks concerning the merchant are remarkably astute.

" They have learnt how to sell their spurious wares to deceived women. Who among this class asks a reasonable price ? He reasons that ten thousand per cent. cannot be called covetousness in business. Having obtained the money, it is expended in immorality, drink and opium. He refuses to bear domestic responsibilities. He cares not for the difficulties of his family so long as his heart is satisfied with mirth. He explains that business is bad and that he has not been able to make money on any of his goods."

Quite the oldest excuse in the world, perhaps, excepting that of unsportsmanlike Adam.

Getting to the business of reform, the Jade Emperor declares :

" If we refuse to move at this time, then all the populace will totter to the pit of destruction. Therefore we have appointed the celestial armies of the worthies and the twelve rulers of the underworld to establish a spirit centre and preach



our doctrine at Longkupa. *This is a revival of the doings of the 'Boxer' year.* Each year we have established preaching centres for the instruction in morals." So there we have a direct reference to the Boxer Rebellion and a statement of its revival.

And then the call to repentance, by which he means, as those before him have always meant, a call to join his particular cause. "If you help the Gods, you can get peace and also seize the grey dogs (soldiers). If you manage to capture a leader of the grey dogs, then you will have the highest merit. This merit will absolve all your past misdeeds."

There is much more of it: every sentence a gem. The Jade Emperor has tried to copy the Imperial edicts of the ancient times. He has succeeded in imitating the style of street placards. Street placards that rouse the people sometimes with proper motives, sometimes improper, but just such things as must have been written and given to the people before the Yangtze riots of 1891.

Has the foreign reader slipped into the lethargy long edicts cause? Let these words wake and startle him! "China is a most religious nation, which has been the custom from time immemorial. Who would have thought that it would have come to this? Foreign goblins have entered the land. The Catholics and Jesus religion have got into our parts, and have deceived the unlearned and stupid among the people.

"They do not worship gods themselves and would take these people for their pupils. They are abominable beasts and ought to be cut off like the grass and pulled up by the roots. Pastor indeed! Priest



indeed ! With the stroke of the sword escort them down into the lowest hell. When these immoral incumbrances are thoroughly exterminated, only then will China have any peace."

## CHAPTER XXII

### OPIUM IN THE WEST

OUR chairs were slowly swinging up the narrow steps that lead to Chungking hills. There was just room enough between the high buildings on either side for the width of the chairs. Few people were going along the way, but sometimes we would pass a small boy with a basket of grass crowded against the wall to let us pass.

We were suddenly startled by the sight of a man's staring, frightened eyes. He had stopped to let us go by. His breath was quick and fluttering. We noticed that he was holding in his open palm two little square blocks of wood. On each block was a dark-brown, transparent drop, resembling caramel or treacle. It was opium. Years ago, when the fight was being made on opium in Foochow, one of the regulations regarding its transportation was that the smoker must carry his opium through the streets openly. He might not carry it wrapped or in a box or in his closed hand. Whether this was a relic of that time or not, we could not say.

Just now, the use of the drug is strictly forbidden and there are no clauses to the order—at the same time, its use at the present time is many times more widespread than it was in 1910, '11, or '12. No systematic methods are being used to rid the country of the evil aside from the one agency—the Customs—which seizes a certain amount of it. Some of the





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A Robbers' Fortress overlooking the Gorges

Customs officials estimate that they seize about one-half of the bulk which goes through. Others think they get only 20 per cent. Others placé the percentage as low as five.

We went below in one of the ships which plies between Ichang and Chungking. A man was enjoying a smoke in company with his comrades. He lay beside his little lamp and dug the opium out of a tiny cup-like box with an instrument which resembled a steel knitting needle. He held this in the flame and rolled the lump of brown gluey substance back and forth on a tiny stone slab. Then he poked it into the bowl of his pipe. Then, to enjoy it more, he leaned his head back on a pillow and holding the pipe over the lamp, puffed away. The first faint odours are sweet and sickly, like pine tar. When the smoke begins to come up in clouds, it is exactly like old rubbish—rags and shoes—burning. The captain said, "Down river, we would throw his opium, pipe and all, overboard. Here it is no use. There is too much of it."

Yunnan and Western Szechuan are planted so thickly that one sees field after field of poppy, mostly white, but streaked with many gorgeous colours—scarlet and pink, purple and crimson. A man who had just been travelling in those districts said that his coolies had gone out in the fields and purchased raw opium for 25 cents an ounce. In Chungking, in the summer of 1921 it was about 70 cents per tael weight; in Ichang, approximately \$1.20 for the same amount; in Hankow, \$1.80; and in Shanghai, \$3. The scale increases enough on the way down river to make the



Customs losses worth taking by the man who deals in it.

That is the raw opium, of course. Before it is cooked, it is poisonous, and, it is said, furnishes a favourite way for the unhappy women of the East, or those who want to curse their enemies by dying on their door-steps, to kill themselves.

Strange, many, and varied, are the methods used in smuggling opium through a Customs station. One of the simplest is by putting it in the foreigner's baggage. His is less likely to be searched (at least the Chinese think so) and it can be procured again through the foreigner's servant.

It is worth a good deal to a Chinese to get a job on the Upper Yangtze. In fact, he will pay a goodly sum of money for it. A certain steward on an up-river boat is said to have paid \$2,000 for a job paying \$40 a month. There are other ways of making big money besides the opium game, however. Copper exchange, for instance, makes it possible for a man to make huge sums of money by changing silver into coppers in Chungking and selling them in Ichang or, better still, in Hankow.

The opium seized is placed in the Ichang Customs godown where one may see ingenious contrivances for smuggling. One of the most popular ways of carrying it is in a pile of books. The inside of the stack is entirely cut away and packed with opium. At the ends and sides, it appears an innocent stack of textbooks, or novels, or Bibles. Opium is found in the arms and legs of chairs, in the rods at top and bottom of scrolls, inside the false bottoms of brass bowls,

in wooden dogs and dragons, in the backs of placards on which are written some inspired poem—ostensibly to be hung in a pavilion or garden—in eggs (this is very carefully done), in beer bottles, in all kinds of funeral apparatus, including coffins.

In Szechuan, a small cheroot is manufactured. A shipment once came through Ichang which looked exactly like the rest, but the inspector's trained nose caught the well-known whiff of the poppy. Each cheroot was a roll of opium wrapped with tobacco and plugged at the ends with tobacco. Animals are stuffed with the raw product and, when they die, they are carried down river to be sold, but not until the precious poison has been recovered.

Then there are the more obvious methods. Baskets of clothes are only clothes on the outside. Kerosene tins are stowed away under the coal in engine rooms. Whole trunks are packed with it. A captain of one of the boats was told that he was carrying opium in his mast light. He couldn't believe it, but a sailor climbed up and brought down six and a half catties of it.

Opium was once found in a part of a ship to which the only visible means of access was through the funnel. The ship had to be taken apart to remove it. These are only a few of the methods which have been used to evade the anti-opium law. The Customs officials would be happy if the only difficulties were evasions. But they are not all. Sometimes, military officials go through a port with the official seal of exemption on their boxes and with a guard. They are then immune from search.

When the Customs men at Wanhsien were making a seizure, at one time, they were prevented by the bayonets of soldiers—soldiers under the command of officers—while other soldiers made away with the opium.

In 1906, when the Empress-Dowager issued her famous anti-opium edict, began the greatest systematic fight against the evil ever waged in China and, in fact, in the whole world. The years between the issuing of the proclamation, which ordered that the growth, sale, and consumption be absolutely stopped in ten years, and 1911, were years of bloodshed, bribery, the invention of a million ways of sidestepping the regulations, and the cultivation of the flaming, tell-tale poppy behind matter-of-fact looking beans, inside walled areas, and in out-of-the-way valleys and glens.

But it was a most successful campaign for all that. Opium smoking was done surreptitiously and it became an unadmitted sin among the higher classes. It involved a loss of face. Anti-opium societies sprung up all over the land and the British Government agreed to reduce the exports of Indian opium to China by a certain proportion each year. So it is that one can read such hopeful things written during the years of 1911 and '12 regarding the *finis* of opium traffic. However, its growth and trade have increased enormously in the last few years.

Soldiers are encouraged to plant opium, their military leaders make huge sums of money on its sale, the soldiers are not paid their salaries, and then there is looting. A good many of the cases of brigandage and looting that have occurred on the upper river



Temple of "The Cool Breeze at the Side of the River."



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Looking down on one of the Rapids





could probably be accounted for in just that way. Foreigners recognize the fact that danger of looting is greater when large seizures of opium have been made. The Customs godown at Ichang held a ton and half of it during the days after the June looting. Conditions were unsettled and the Customs officials put off the burning of the opium for a few days for fear of the rioting which might occur. Of course, hunger is the first cause of looting and, probably, many of the soldiers never get deeper than that in their spirit of rebellion, but no doubt the remembrance of the poppy fields and the knowledge of the wealth in which the military men are rolling adds, to their minds, righteousness to the cause.

Last year half of the Yunnan army was paid in opium. And that is the so-called constitutional army fighting in defence of the principles of republicanism. There is no doubt that much of the fighting among generals in western districts is a real opium war—contests over who shall control the opium-bearing districts and the revenue therefrom. Seizure rewards at present in Ichang range from \$10 to \$40 per 100 tael weight according to whether one is a Customs official, an informer, or an officer of a ship. During the June, 1921, quarter, 24 piculs of opium were seized at Chungking as against 12 during the March quarter, the former being the season of steam-boats, the latter of junks. Two and a half tons of opium were burned at Ichang during the three months of April, May and June.

It is evident that strong measures will have to be taken if the evil is to be stamped out after these years

of widespread increase in cultivation and traffic. Recently an entire crew on an up-river steamer was discharged as a measure against smuggling. Such measures as that are too local and ineffective against the great temptation to the farmers to take part in such a lucrative trade. Moreover, the central government makes no effort to introduce a united and systematic campaign against it. Szechuan claims independence, besides, and does not recognize the authority of Peking. And the condition of the people, their poverty, the absence of the ordinary joys of life, their exposure to cold and hours of straining, heart-breaking labour, all contribute to push them on to indulge in this sure remedy, which brings them for a time alleviation from suffering and dreams of warmth and comfort. Which goes to prove that reform is not reform at all except as it is slow, constructive, and at work on the very roots of things.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### THE CITY OF SEVEN GATES—CHUNGKING

THE Great City lies at the convergence of two streams. One stream flows from lands which are rich and full of treasure. The second, called "The River of the Golden Sand," has its source in unknown and uncharted lands. They converge at acute angles to one another. And on that narrowing promontory between, Time has builded the Great City. Because Time works slowly and laboriously and bit by bit, the City has grown up like a true child of Time—haphazard, representative of many plans and of plans disarranged. At one time, true to the traditions of that country, a wall was built, very wide and strong. It was built so that it cut straight across the promontory isolating a triangular tip-end. It was then extended on the two sides of the triangle and was cut with Seven Gates.

The promontory was very hilly so all the streets were built in steps. And gradually the City became more and more crowded. The trees which used picturesquely to top the ridges of those hills gave place to houses of business, restaurants and inns for the weary pilgrim, to houses of money exchange and little shops where trade is made in hides and silks and medicines, and in close proximity, to stimulate that trade, to the rooms where tea is poured by dainty, slant-eyed ladies of song.

Six hundred thousand souls came to live within the Seven Gates and yet the walls did not expand and

still a man could walk about them in the space of three hours time. Never a street runs straight. They wind and twist and go, now up, now down, over the hills and around the bases of hills, narrow, built between high walls of intimate houses.

Everything that was beautiful within the City gradually disappeared. There remains, of course, the setting. Away back of the City rise the hills, in range after range, for which that Far-Away Land is famed. These are no ordinary hills. They rise in fantastic, dream-like shape. Some of them are needle-like in form, some are chopped off squarely at the top, others are rolling and wooded. Gashes in the nearer ones, show red soil beneath and so that strip of country is called the Red Basin. Sometimes, the hills are covered with rhododendron, and sometimes they are pink with cherry blossom. There are always those peculiar trees, straight trunked and knobby at the top. Nowhere is there such verdure, such prolific abundance.

The tempered climate gives birth to even such plants as are known to tropical lands so that here and there a banana leaf hangs over a crumbling wall. And as the sun sets in the West at evening, he sends his radiance over those misty hills and sets the Jewel to sparkling and glowing in its setting. The streams, themselves hold the stone—the would-be Jewel-City. They are brown streams for they relentlessly carry rich soil away eastward bent on taking their part in the remodeling of the land. They are also very swift and destructive and are thus a fitting part of this mysterious and dangerous country. But the Jewel

they hold is found to be, on close inspection, a thing of flaws, ugly and with hardly a trace of beauty.

The City straggles beyond the walls. It is also surrounded by its dead, acres and acres of white tombstones marking their graves, here and there a concrete disc which is a mausoleum. Beyond this still are gardens and parks and summer homes of wealthy men. Wherever a small stream cuts through, it is bridged by a structure of beautiful and unusual design.

Go into the City by the steps made slimy from the river-water which continually slops from the buckets of the water-carriers. Let yourself be carried in a canopied chair on the backs of toiling men. Your ascent is almost vertical. Your way winds through a surging crowd of men and women and children labourers, not unmixed with pigs which are being led and driven squealingly along and with mules, also, who share the tasks of men in the Great City. A fall seems imminent as your bearers carry you along the slippery way. But soon you become assured of the firm muscles of these men long accustomed to bearing a heavy pole upon their shoulders. Sometimes the corners around which the chair is carried give hardly room enough to turn. Sometimes the street descends in a series of steps with two-yard stops between and the bearers ahead begin a new descent before the ones behind have fairly reached the landing. It is like soaring to ride thus: a swoop, a rest, and again a swoop. We pass along streets bright with red banners embroidered with dragons of gold. Streets, also, filthy with the dirt and slime of ages. They are the narrowest streets anyone ever dared to make.



The inhabitants of the Great City gaze at you curiously, for it is not often that someone of the World goes into that Far-Away Land. But you do not gaze in return—not if you can draw your eyes away. For nowhere are such awful sights to be seen as these in the streets of the City. A grey-haired beggar woman with a scarred leprous face asks for alms—her nose is entirely gone but a copper cash is in its place and through the two holes in its centre she draws her breath. An old man with only skin drawn over his bones and a withered pipe-stem limb. Boys with running sores—kept so, so that their owners may not lose their eligibility to the beggars' guild. Another old woman with disfigured face and sore-covered body, seated on a step—and a tiny child wailing at her dried-up breast. Of such things are made the Great City so that you, in your canopied chair, wish that you had not seen and, having seen, could possibly forget.

Thinking to clear your mind of the City's ugliness, you make your way to the bazaar. Here there are streets and streets of little shops radiating from a central square—the meeting place of the business men of the City. Hard by stands a noble building whence comes much of the control of the City's wealth and you well know of the thriving business there. The streets are wider here and not so slimy and your bearers allow you to alight from your canopied chair to walk among the shops. There one may see many curious things. Buckles of jade and balls of agate and amber. Ugly little men carved from old ivory or wrought in crystal. Little wooden boxes ingeniously fitted into one another and designed



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Tall Rocks like Citadels



for wealthy ladies' vanities. Brooches designed from old, hand-wrought gold and set with crystal over brilliantly-blue kingfisher feathers. Tiny wooden wine cups decorated with the script of that distant land. Peach stones carved into little idols and strung upon silken cord. Then there are the shops of silks—heavy, ivory-coloured crêpe, rich tapestries woven with a pure gold thread, yellow raw silk twisted like golden taffy.

Keepers of medicine shops exhibit their strange wares and proclaim the healing or strengthening powers of a tiger's skull bone or a dragon's tooth. They bring out the lining membrane of the gizzard of a fowl and explain the miraculous cures it will produce. They have a "midsummer root" which deprives the eater of speech and a precious portion of an ox's gall which transmits great courage to him who would partake thereof. They have also the cocoons of caterpillars and the dried leaves of many flowers—wild honeysuckle and lily flower and the curious *chin-ch'ai*, which is so very tenacious of life that it recovers even after it has been dried. Even the stomach of a mosquito is not too small to be proclaimed peculiarly effective in the cure of fevers.

You must leave the bazaar and travel again through narrow streets if you would see what else the Great City sells to increase its wealth. As you ride along, you sometimes hear the startling insistent jingle of bells and are borne close to the wall to let a rider pass by on his tiny pony. Nothing moves on wheels in the Great City. There are only the feet of men and of animals to carry one on the way. Through-

out the Red Basin nothing moves on four wheels or two. They say that out upon the narrow paths away from the City a one-wheeled conveyance is pushed by man and that it carries heavy loads, but no path is so wide or so level that a two-wheeled cart can move thereon.

At last we come to a house of business. There collect the products of the country-side. From far and wide, the industrious country-people bring in handfuls of bristles from their pigs. They are long and strong bristles, for they come from the wildest pigs of the wildest country—who have not become softened by luxurious floundering in slops. The bristles have been laboriously sorted into uniform lengths by the farmer and tied into bundles. They will be sent out into the world and there will command the highest prices on the best of markets. And those who buy will not know of the Great City whence they come.

Here are goatskins and buffalo hides and sheep's wool. There is vegetable tallow, which will strike one as a strange product, and tobacco leaf. Here one may see a pouch of musk. In the remotest borders of the Far-Away Land, there roams an antelope. He carries a tiny pouch, only about one-and-a-half inches in diameter and inside it there is a reddish-black powder, light and dry and not gritty, and this powder is called musk. Its smell is peculiar and penetrating, its taste bitter and aromatic, and as a medicine it is a most priceless substance for one catty alone costs 400 taels of silver before shipment. It, too, goes out into the world and becomes a part of every perfume on the market.



Again on the way, from the crest of the street we catch glimpses of the temples on the hills beyond. Then down once more through the narrow streets in canopied chair, passing countless men and women with heavy burdens borne on poles and innumerable naked children playing in the path, we leave the Great Walled City by the largest of the Seven Gates.

Who says that Yesterday has gone ?

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*[Faint handwritten notes, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side.]*